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52 BIG PAGES

JUNE...JULY  
NO. 71



# BATMAN

*Featuring*  
**"The  
JAIL for  
HEROES!"**

HA, HA, HA!  
PLAY IT SMART,  
COPPERS, AN' MAYBE  
I'LL GIVE YOU TIME  
OFF FOR GOOD  
BEHAVIOR!

SERGEANT HANSON  
AND OFFICER O'HARA

SHERIFF HUNTER AND  
STATE TROOPER GREEN

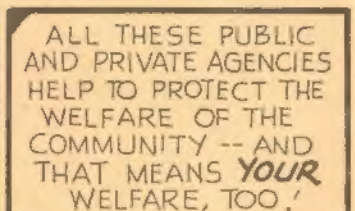
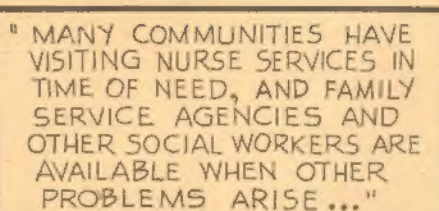
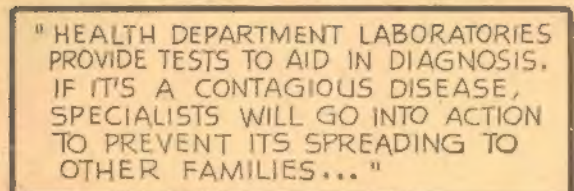
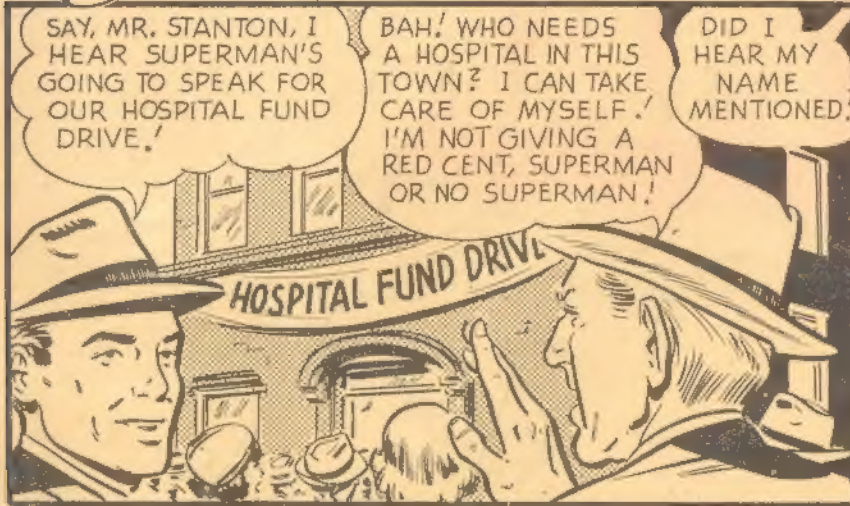
BATMAN  
AND ROBIN



# SUPERMAN

says:

# "Hop on the WELFARE WAGON!"



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BATMAN

# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**  
- THE BOY WONDER -

YOU ARE NOW ABOUT TO ENTER A *NEW KIND OF PRISON*--A PRISON IN WHICH *CHAMPIONS OF LAW* ARE BEHIND BARS AND *CRIMINALS* ARE THEIR JAILERS! ONLY THE TOP LAWMEN IN THE LAND INHABIT THE CELLS OF THIS PENITENTIARY, WHOSE WARDEN IS A *CZAR OF CRIME*. IMPOSSIBLE, YOU SAY? NO SUCH PLACE EXISTS? PERHAPS YOU'LL CHANGE YOUR MIND WHEN YOU SEE HOW *BATMAN* AND *ROBIN* THEMSELVES BECOME INMATES, DESTINED TO SPEND THE REST OF THEIR LIVES IN...

## "THE JAIL for HEROES!"

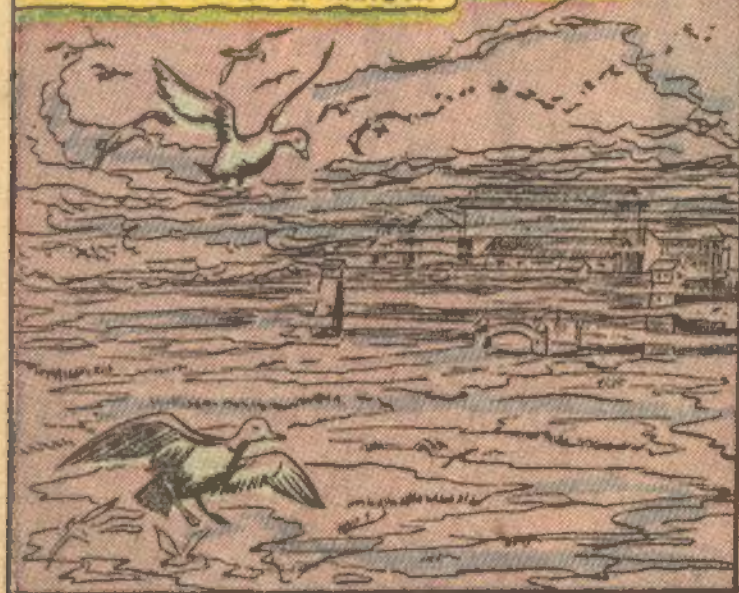
by  
**BOB KANE**



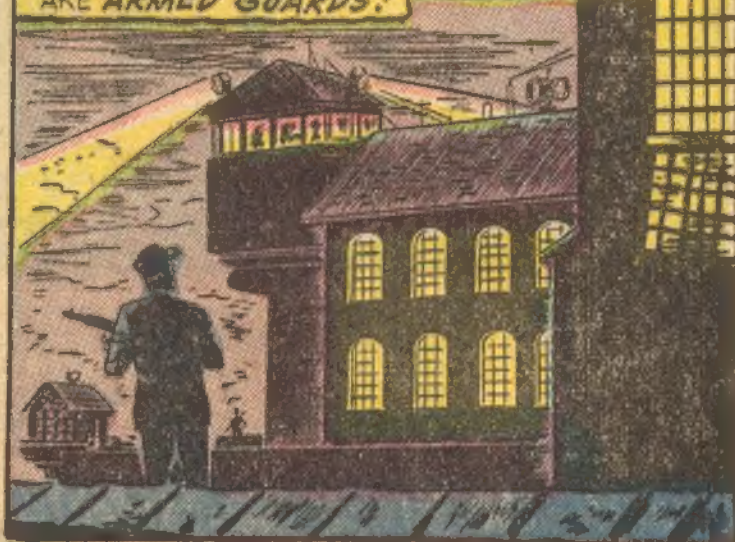
MAKE IT SNAPPY, BRONSON! I'VE BEEN WAITING A LONG TIME TO GET *BATMAN'S* PICTURE IN MY ROGUES' GALLERY.



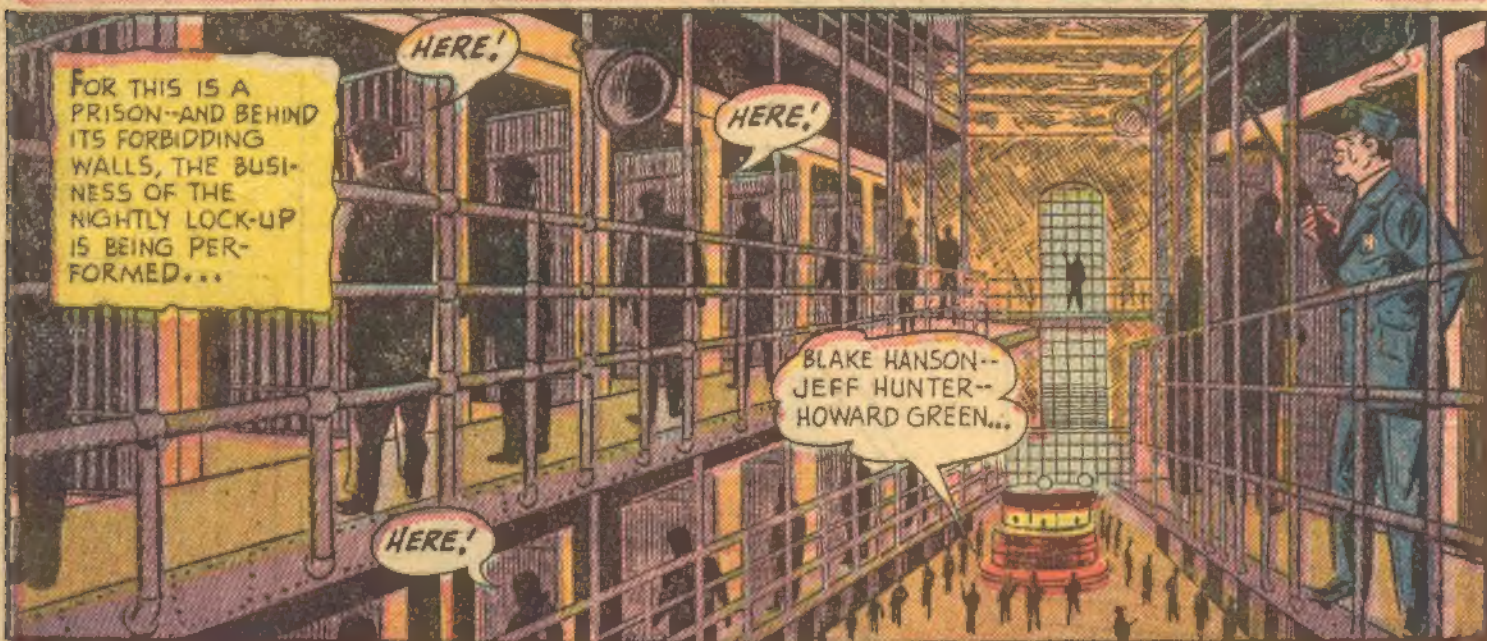
ON A DESOLATE STRETCH OF MARSHLAND NEAR GOTHAM CITY, A GIANT, WALLED STRUCTURE LOOMS FROM THE WHIRLING MISTS...



BUT WHAT SORT OF GRIM SHADOWS DOES THE LIGHT FROM ITS WINDOWS CAST? AND WHO ARE THESE FIGURES ATOP ITS WALL--CARRYING TOMMYGUNS? INDEED, THE WINDOWS ARE **BARRED**--AND THE MEN ON THE WALL ARE **ARMED GUARDS!**



FOR THIS IS A PRISON--AND BEHIND ITS FORBIDDING WALLS, THE BUSINESS OF THE NIGHTLY LOCK-UP IS BEING PERFORMED...



HERE!

HERE!

HERE!

BLAKE HANSON--  
JEFF HUNTER--  
HOWARD GREEN...

**BATMAN! ROBIN!**

HERE!

HERE!



THEN, THE ROLL CALL OVER, THE GRINDING SOUND OF METAL ON METAL SIGNALS THE END OF A PRISON DAY...

**CLANG**



BUT WHAT SORT OF PRISON IS THIS? AND THESE FAMED DEFENDERS OF THE LAW, **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**, BEHIND ITS IMPENETRABLE WALLS?

A FEW MOMENTS AFTERWARDS...

ATTENTION-- THIS IS THE WARDEN!  
AND I DON'T WANT A YAP OUT OF  
YOU GUYS WHILE I'M TALKIN'.  
GET IT?

(WHISPER) OH-H...  
HERE WE GO AGAIN!  
ANOTHER OF SCAR  
BRINK'S "BEDTIME  
STORIES"!



ALL YOU GUYS WERE ON THE SIDE OF THE  
LAW... YOU THOUGHT YOU'D PUT ME, SCAR  
BRINK, BEHIND BARS! WELL, LOOK WHAT IT  
GOT YOU! NOW, YOU'RE IN JAIL--  
AND I'M THE WARDEN!  
HA, HA!

HA, HA... YOU  
TELL 'EM,  
SCAR!



YOU, SHERIFF JEFF HUNTER, RISKED YOUR LIFE TO  
STOP WHAT YOU THOUGHT WERE BANK ROBBERS!  
YOU SAP... IT TURNED OUT TO BE A TRAP TO GET  
YOU HERE WITH ALL MY OTHER LAWYERS!



AND THE ACE SHARPSHOOTER OF THE  
DALE CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT,  
SERGEANT HANSON! YOU ENDED  
UP JUST LIKE ALL THE OTHER COPS  
WHO TRIED TO GET ME... BEHIND  
BARS!

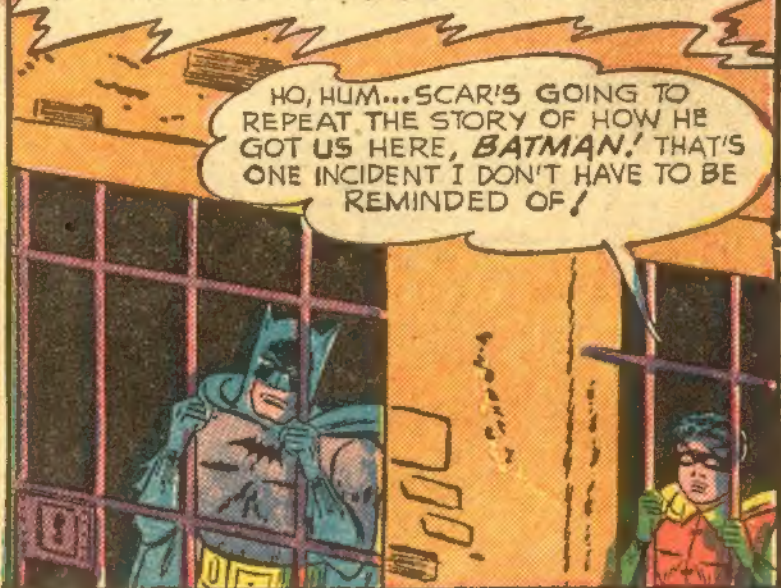


BUT THE PRIZE INMATES OF MY PRIVATE  
PRISON ARE A COUPLE OF BIRDS THAT  
NOBODY BELIEVED I COULD CAGE!  
BUT I GOT YOU, DIDN'T I, BATMAN  
AND ROBIN!?



NOW, INSTEAD OF THE DYNAMIC DUO,  
YOU'RE JUST A PAIR OF CONS! HA, HA!

HO, HUM... SCAR'S GOING TO  
REPEAT THE STORY OF HOW HE  
GOT US HERE, BATMAN! THAT'S  
ONE INCIDENT I DON'T HAVE TO BE  
REMINDING OF!



"IT ALL BEGAN WHEN WE WERE RELAXING AT HOME, ONE NIGHT, IN OUR EVERYDAY IDENTITIES AS BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON..."

OH-OH...THERE'S THE BAT-SIGNAL, DICK. I GUESS THAT ENDS OUR QUIET EVENING AT HOME!

RIGHT, BRUCE... BUT TO TELL THE TRUTH, I WAS GETTING KIND OF RESTLESS. I'LL BE GLAD TO SEE SOME ACTION, TONIGHT!

"INSTANTLY, WE DONNED OUR CRIME-FIGHTING COSTUMES-- BUT WHEN WE REACHED WHAT LOOKED LIKE THE SCENE OF THE CRIME..."

NONE OF THE MONEY IN THIS ARMORED CAR SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN...*(COUGH)*...TOUCHED... I WONDER...*(COUGH)*...

ROBIN! GAS! IT'S... IT'S ALREADY GETTING ME! THE... DOORS ...*(COUGH)*... THEY'RE CLOSING! W-WE'RE TRAPPED!

"LATER, WHEN WE REVIVED..."

SO BATMAN AND ROBIN ARE JOINING OUR SELECT GROUP OF PRISONERS, EH? BEFORE WE ASSIGN 'EM A CELL, LET'S FIND OUT WHO'S REALLY BEHIND THOSE MASKS!

STOP! YOU FOOL! DO YOU WANT TO RUIN ALL MY PLANS?

WHAT'S THE MATTER, SCAR? I WAS JUST...

QUIET! THERE HAVE ALREADY BEEN A COUPLE OF ATTEMPTED BREAKS FROM THIS PEN. BUT NOW, WE CAN THREATEN TO UNMASK BATMAN IF ANYONE MAKES A BREAK! GET IT?... OUR INMATES WOULD RATHER STAY HERE FOREVER THAN REVEAL BATMAN'S TRUE IDENTITY!

SO WE'RE THE REASON THERE'S BEEN NO ESCAPE ATTEMPT! BUT THERE'S NO USE CRYING OVER SPILT MILK--EVEN THOUGH SCAR DOES REMIND US OF IT EVERY NIGHT!

AND THAT'S HOW THE GREAT BATMAN AND ROBIN BECAME MY PRISONERS!

THESE LITTLE "PEP TALKS" EVERY NIGHT KEEP THE PRISONERS REMINDED THAT THEY HAVEN'T A CHANCE AGAINST ME! WELL, NINE O'CLOCK... LIGHTS OUT!

GEE... EVERYTHING ON SCHEDULE-- JUST LIKE WHEN I WAS IN ALCATRAZ!

CLICK!

AND PRESENTLY, IN THE DARK CELL BLOCK...

(WHISPER) WHAT A SPOT WE'RE IN! IF WE ARRANGE FOR ONE OF THE OTHER PRISONERS TO ESCAPE, OUR IDENTITY WILL BE REVEALED! AND IF WE

SCAR SURE PICKED A GOOD SPOT FOR HIS JAIL... NOBODY EVER COMES INTO THE MARSH WHICH SUR-ROUNDS THIS PLACE!

ESCAPE, SCAR WILL MURDER THE OTHER PRISONERS!



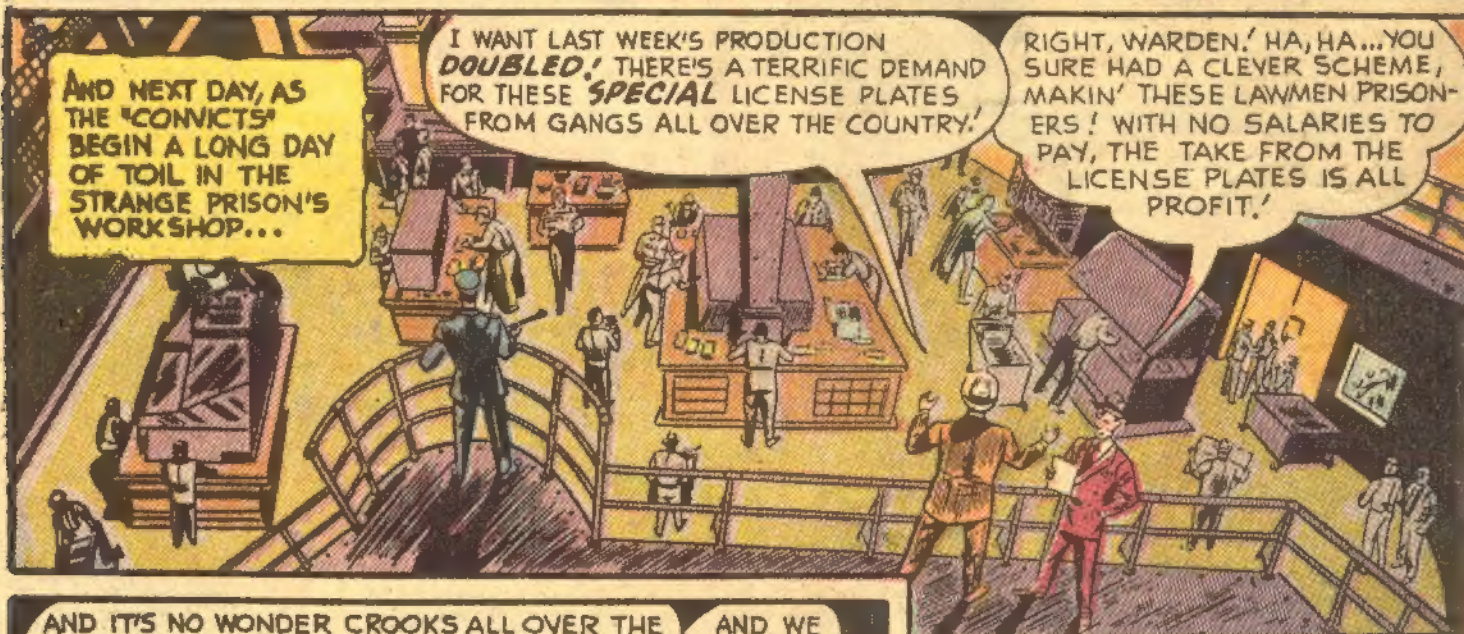
QUIET, YOU TWO! YOU'LL NEED ALL THE REST YOU CAN GET FOR YOUR WORK IN THE PRISON WORKSHOP TOMORROW!



AND NEXT DAY, AS THE "CONVICTS" BEGIN A LONG DAY OF TOIL IN THE STRANGE PRISON'S WORKSHOP...

I WANT LAST WEEK'S PRODUCTION **DOUBLED!** THERE'S A TERRIFIC DEMAND FOR THESE **SPECIAL** LICENSE PLATES FROM GANGS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY!

RIGHT, WARDEN! HA, HA... YOU SURE HAD A CLEVER SCHEME, MAKIN' THESE LAWYEN PRISON-ERS! WITH NO SALARIES TO PAY, THE TAKE FROM THE LICENSE PLATES IS ALL PROFIT!



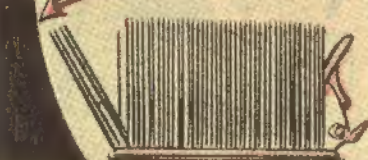
AND IT'S NO WONDER CROOKS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY ARE BUYIN' MY INVENTION! WHEN SOMEBODY GETS THE LICENSE NUMBER OF THEIR GETAWAY CAR, THEY JUST PULL THIS LITTLE KNOB AND--FLIP... THEY SWITCH PLATES WITHOUT EVEN SLOWIN' DOWN!

AND WE SUPPLY A COMPLETE SET OF **48 PLATES** WITH EACH SWITCHER!



SIDE VIEW  
NEW PLATES

FRONT VIEW



OLD  
PLATE  
FLIPPING  
OVER

OLD PLATE MOVES BACK  
ALONG TRACK AND IS PICKED  
UP AND PUT BACK IN RACK  
WITH OTHER PLATES

NEW PLATE  
REVEALED

OLD PLATE  
FLIPPING

THEN, AS THE "WARDEN" TOURS HIS WORKSHOP...

WELL, WELL... IF IT ISN'T LIEUTENANT ARNOLD! YOU ARRESTED ME ON MY FIRST HOLD-UP! I SWORE THEN I'D GET EVEN--REMEMBER?

IF I EVER GET OUT OF HERE, SCAR...





# BATMAN



MEANWHILE... COME ON, YOU TWO... THE WARDEN WANTS PRODUCTION **DOUBLED!** YOU MAY BE THE GREAT **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** ON THE **OUTSIDE**, BUT IN HERE YOU'RE JUST A COUPLE OF **CONS.**

FASTER-- OR YOU GET NO GRUB TODAY!

DOUBLE WORK OR YOU CONS DON'T EAT... THAT'S THE WARDEN'S ORDERS!

(WHISPER) THE MEN ARE ALREADY OVERWORKED, **ROBIN**... THIS NEW ORDER MAY BE TOO MUCH FOR SOME OF THEM! IT'S TIME WE TOOK ACTION! I'M ORGANIZING A **MASS BREAK!**

SOON, A SECRET MESSAGE MAKES ITS WAY ALONG THE PRISON GRAPEVINE...

AT MESS TONIGHT DO AS I DO-- **BATMAN**

TONIGHT IN THE MESS HALL... DO AS **BATMAN** DOES!

AND THAT NIGHT, AS THE LAWMEN PRISONERS FILE IN FOR THEIR EVENING MEAL...

KEEP MOVIN'! KEEP MOVIN'!

87-88-89... THIS PLACE IS JUST LIKE HOME TO ME! COUNTIN' OUT SPOONS SO WE'LL BE SURE TO GET THE SAME NUMBER BACK AFTER THE MEAL--JUST LIKE A **STATE PEN!**

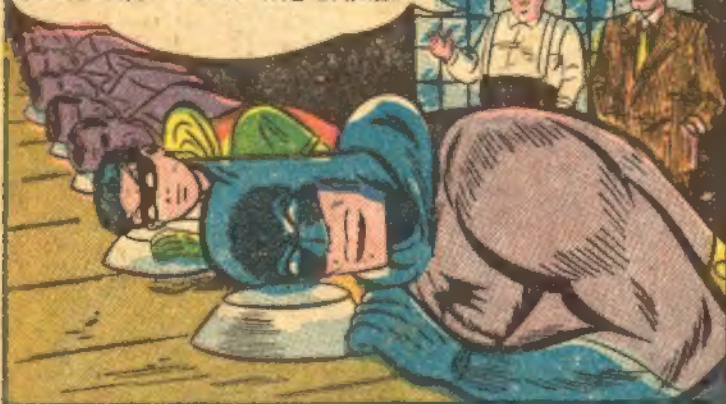
THESE COPS THOUGHT THEY WERE PRETTY SMART ON THE OUTSIDE... THOUGHT THEY HAD IT ALL OVER US CROOKS! BUT THEY AIN'T GOT A CHANCE NOW!

NAW! WE GOT THE GUNS AND THEY GOT NOTHIN'. THERE'S NOT EVEN ANY **PEPPER** ON THE TABLE, IN CASE ONE OF 'EM GETS AN IDEA TO THROW IT IN A GUARD'S FACE!

JUST THEN ...

HEY, WARDEN--WHAT'S GOIN' ON? **BATMAN** TURNED HIS SOUP PLATE UP-SIDE DOWN AND LAID HIS HEAD ON IT... AND ALL THE OTHER CONS ARE DOIN' THE SAME!

WHATEVER THEY'RE UP TO, THE GUARDS IN THE BALCONY WILL STOP IT!



CUT THE FUNNY BUSINESS DOWN THERE, OR WE'LL GIVE YOU SOME DINNER MUSIC WITH THESE TOMMYGUNS!

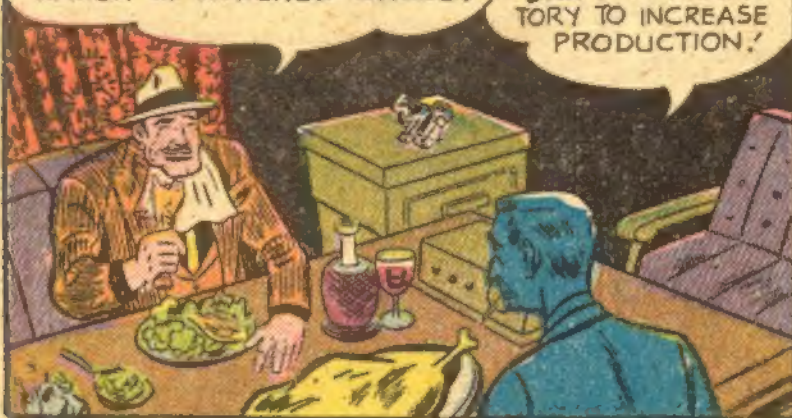
(WHISPER) LUCKY ALL THE PRISONERS ARE LAW-MEN AND THEREFORE KNOW THE **MORSE CODE!** THE TAPS FROM MY SPOON ARE CARRIED ALONG THE TABLE AND AMPLIFIED BY THE SOUP BOWLS! EVERY PRISONER NOW KNOWS THE ESCAPE PLAN!



SHORTLY AFTER, IN SCAR'S OFFICE...

TELL THE CHEF THIS IS A MIGHTY FINE MEAL, SQUEEKER! WHICH REMINDS ME... HAVE THE PRISONERS HAD THEIR NIGHTLY RATION OF **WATERED GRUEL**?

YEAH, WARDEN--AND IT'S TIME FOR YOUR TOUR OF INSPECTION! WE'VE GOT THE CONS DOING **NIGHT SHIFT** IN THE FACTORY TO INCREASE PRODUCTION!



AND IN THE PRISON SHOP...

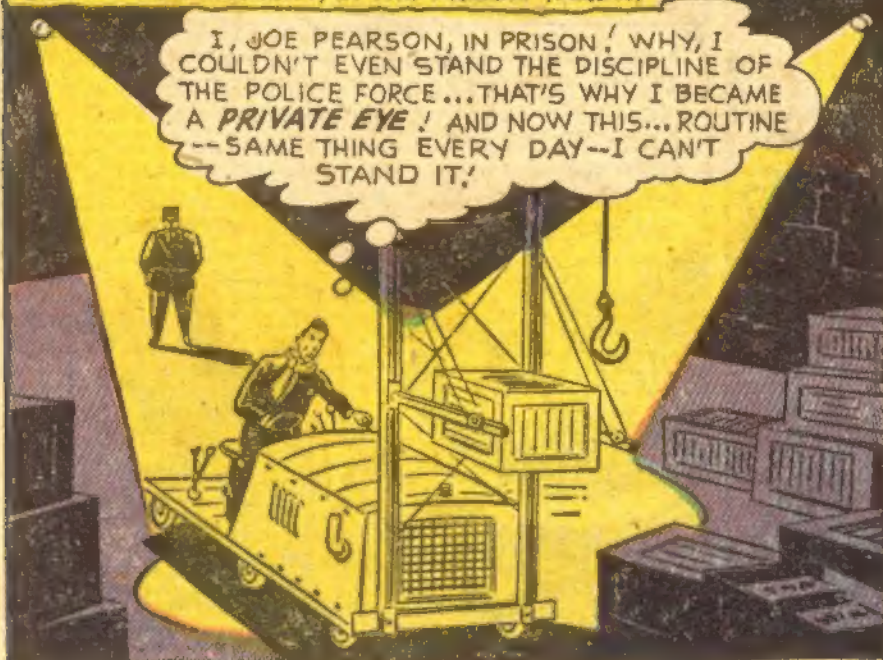
(WHISPER) ARE YOU SURE WE SHOULD GO THROUGH WITH THE MASS ESCAPE, **BATMAN**? IF IT FAILS, SCAR WILL SURELY CARRY OUT HIS THREAT TO UNMASK YOU!

(WHISPER) THAT'S A CHANCE I'LL HAVE TO TAKE, **ROBIN**! IF MY PLAN WORKS, IT'LL GET **EVERYONE** OUT! THERE'LL BE NO HOSTAGES LEFT, AND I WON'T BE HERE FOR SCAR TO UNMASK!



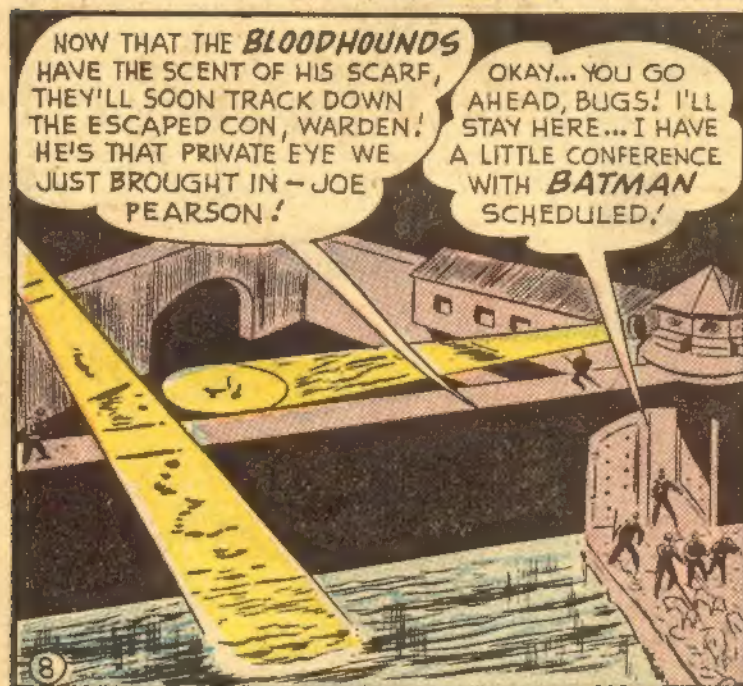
BUT AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE PRISON YARD...

I, JOE PEARSON, IN PRISON! WHY, I COULDN'T EVEN STAND THE DISCIPLINE OF THE POLICE FORCE... THAT'S WHY I BECAME A **PRIVATE EYE**! AND NOW THIS... ROUTINE -- SAME THING EVERY DAY -- I CAN'T STAND IT!



**BATMAN'S** PLAN FOR A MASS BREAK WILL NEVER WORK! I MUST GO IT ALONE! BUT IF I ESCAPE, SCAR WILL REVEAL **BATMAN'S** IDENTITY-- BUT WHAT CAN I DO? I MUST GET OUT! IF I STAY, I'LL GO **STIR CRAZY!**







# BATMAN



WHILE OUT ON THE FOG-DRENCHED MARSH...

OVER THIS WAY, SOCKS! CAN'T SEE IN THIS FOG!

THEY'VE PUT BLOODHOUNDS ON MY TRAIL! BUT IF I WALK IN THIS BROOK, THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO PICK UP MY SCENT.

BAH WOOO BARK BARK

AND AS PRECIOUS MINUTES ELAPSE...

TEN MORE MINUTES, BATMAN!

SCAR'S ABOUT TO UNMASK BATMAN, AND I'M LOCKED IN THIS CELL--HELPLESS!

THEN, MOMENTS LATER, ON THE EERIE MARSH...

THIS WAY! I HEAR SOMETHING!

NO! OVER HERE! BRING THE FLASHLIGHT!

AH WOOO AH WOOO

MUST KEEP GO... ooops!

SPLASH

THAT COLD WATER... IT'S CLEARED MY HEAD! NOW I REALIZE WHAT I'VE DONE! OH, THIS IS HORRIBLE! I MUST GIVE MYSELF UP BEFORE BATMAN'S IDENTITY IS REVEALED! IF ONLY I'M NOT TOO LATE!

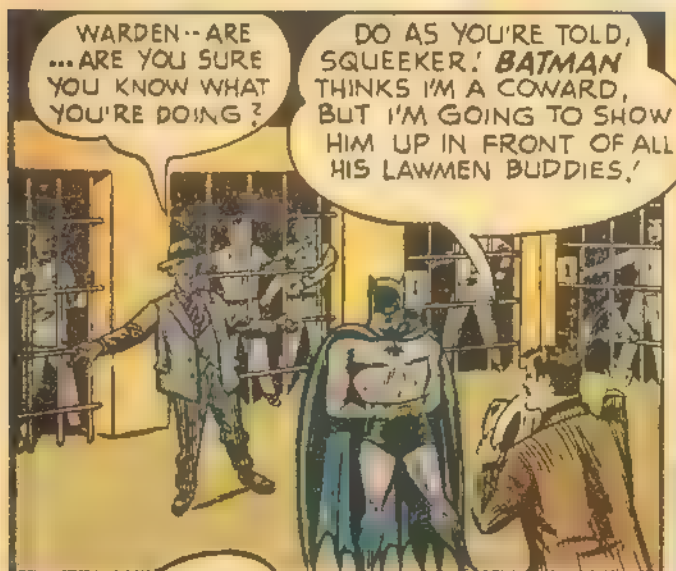
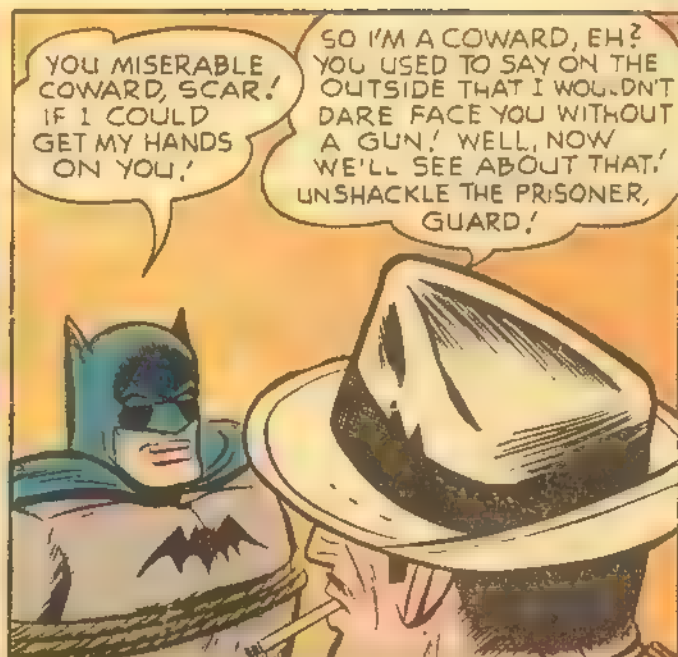
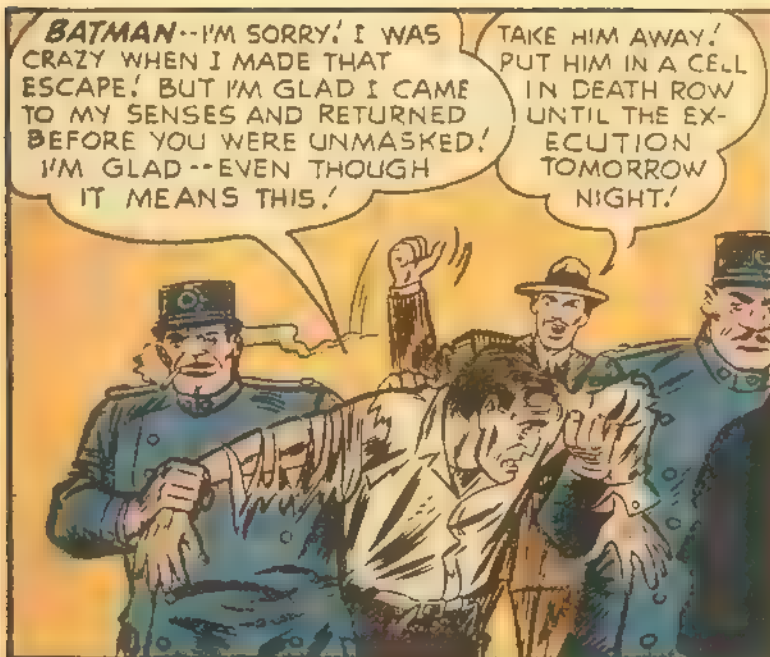
BUT IN THE PRISON...

DON'T DO IT, SCAR... WE WARN YOU!

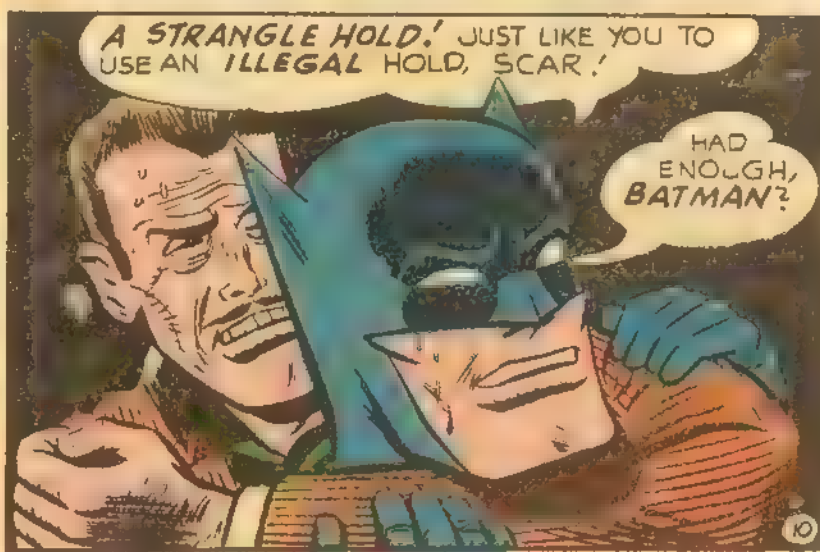
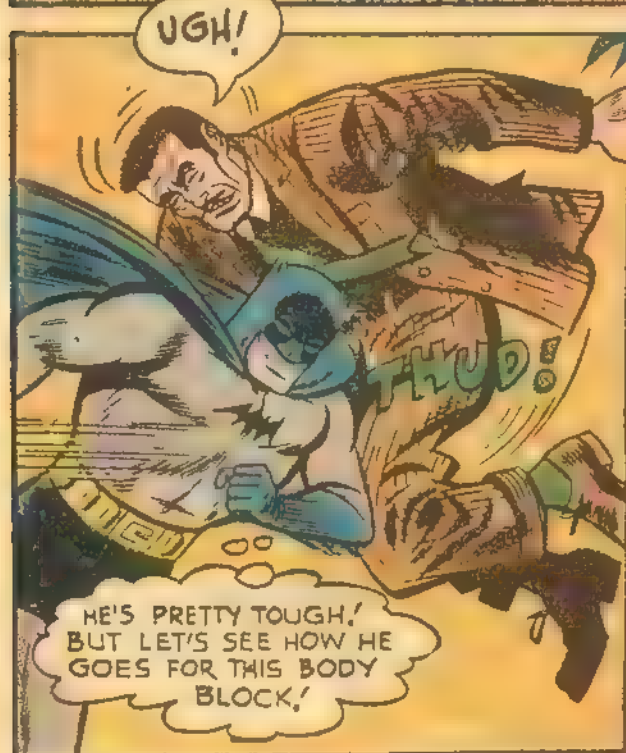
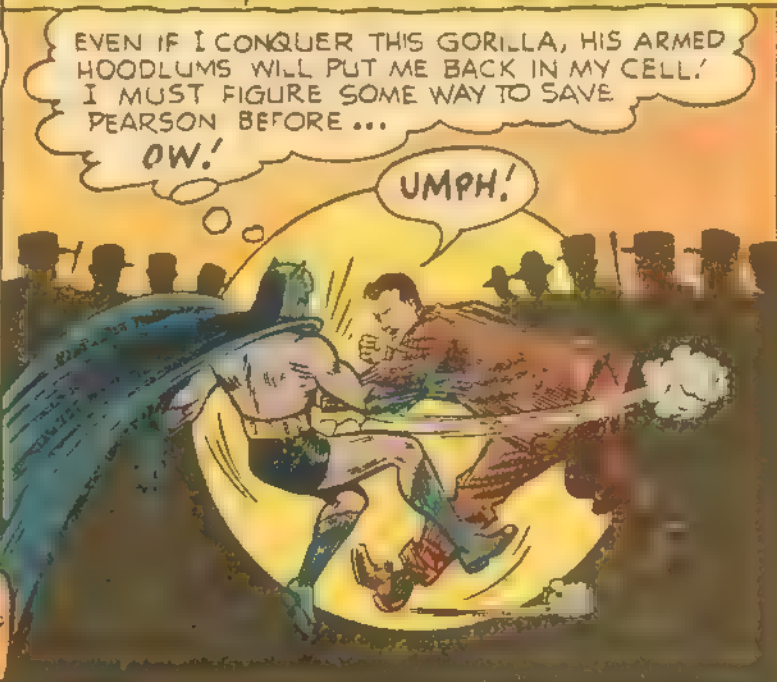
SHUT UP, YOU CONS! THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO TO ME AND YOU KNOW IT! IT'S TEN O'CLOCK--THE UNMASKING HOUR FOR YOU, BATMAN!

HOLD IT WARDEN! THE ESCAPED PRISONER JUST GAVE HIMSELF UP!

JUST IN TIME TO SAVE BATMAN--BUT TOO LATE FOR YOU, PEARSON! FOR TRYING TO ESCAPE, YOU WILL DIE--IN THE PRISON GAS CHAMBER!



AND AS **BATMAN**, HIS MUSCLES STILL STIFF FROM THE BINDING ROPES, RISES TO MEET HIS ADVERSARY...



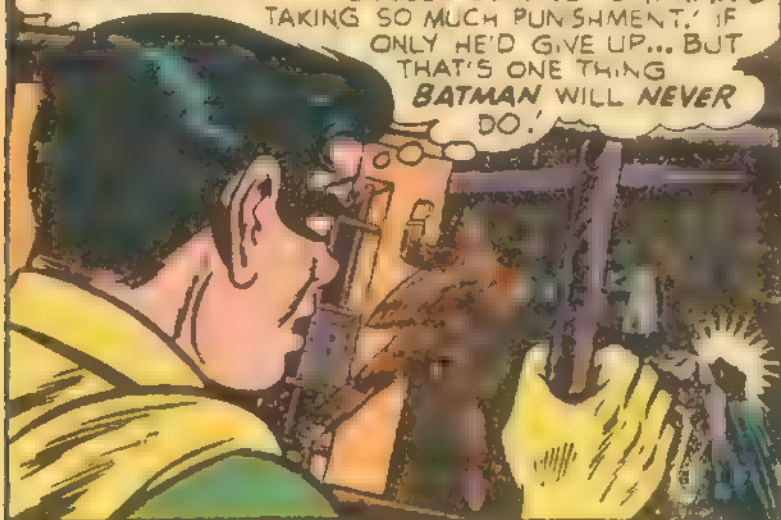


# BATMAN



AND IN ONE OF THE PRISON CELLS, A TENSE OBSERVER SHARES EVERY BLOW WITH THE BATTLING LAWMAN...

SCAR IS GIVING HIM A TERRIBLE BEATING! BATMAN'S TAKING SO MUCH PUNISHMENT, IF ONLY HE'D GIVE UP... BUT THAT'S ONE THING BATMAN WILL NEVER DO!



BUT A MOMENT AFTER, AS THE CONTESTANT EMERGE FROM THE SHADOW OF AN OVER-HANGING CELL BLOCK...

SCAR... GASP... STOP! I... I GIVE UP!

NO! BATMAN CALLING IT QUITS! I--I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!



HA...HA... HE PASSED OUT! ALL RIGHT, GUARDS... PUT HIM IN **SOLITARY**! NO MATTER HOW HE YELLS OR WHAT HE SAYS, DON'T RELEASE HIM!



PEARSON IS SCHEDULED TO DIE TOMORROW NIGHT, AND BATMAN'S BEING PUT IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT! THERE'S NO WAY HE CAN SAVE PEARSON NOW!



**Boo Boo Boo**

QUIET, UP THERE! I SAID **QUIET**! ALL RIGHT--MAYBE THIS WILL MAKE YOU CLOSE YOUR TRAPS: EVERY ONE OF YOU CONS GOES TO THE GAS CHAMBER WITH PEARSON TOMORROW NIGHT!



ABRUPTLY, A HUSH FALLS OVER THE CROWD OF CAGED MEN...

HEY, SCAR. DON'T YOU THINK THAT'S CARRYING THINGS A BIT TOO FAR?

I DIDN'T ASK FOR YOUR ADVICE, PUNK! I'M THE **WARDEN**! WHAT I SAY GOES! **THEY WILL DIE!**



SLOWLY, THE HOURS PASS FOR THE CONDEMNED MEN--TILL FINALLY...

COME ON, **ROBIN**... YOU'RE GOING TO WALK THE LAST MILE!

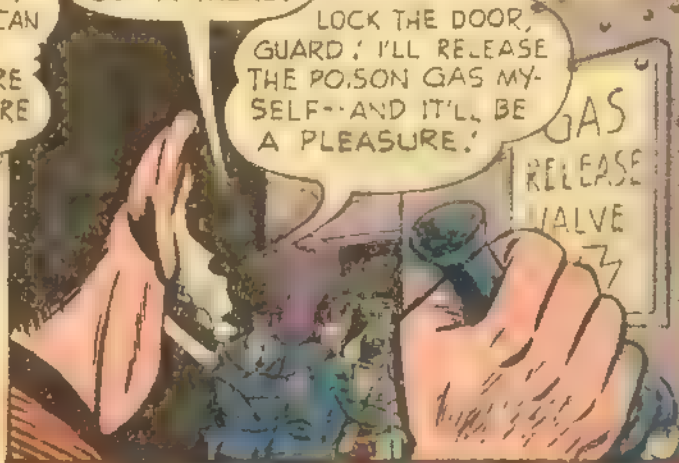


IF I MAKE A MOVE, I'LL BE BLASTED BY ONE OF THOSE TOMMY GUNS! WHAT CAN I DO? IF ONLY **BATMAN** WERE HERE, HE'D FIGURE SOMETHING!



LIKE CATTLE GOING TO SLAUGHTER, THE CREAM OF THE NATION'S LAWYERS ARE HERDED INTO A VAULTED CHAMBER TO MEET THEIR DOOM...

YOU BOYS HAVE SENT PLenty OF MY PALS TO THE DEATH HOUSE... NOW IT'S YOUR TURN! GET IN THERE!



LOCK THE DOOR, GUARD! I'LL RELEASE THE POISON GAS MYSELF--AND IT'LL BE A PLEASURE!

**GAS RELEASE VALVE**

MINUTES LATER, OUTSIDE THE SEALED CHAMBER...

NO NEED FOR ANY MORE GUARD DUTY NOW... YOU CAN HAVE THE REST OF THE NIGHT OFF! I'LL KEEP TABS ON OUR LATE...ER... **GUESTS!** HA, HA!

THAT'S GREAT, SCAR! THIS PRISON GUARD ROUTINE WAS BEGINNIN' TO GET ME DOWN!

COME ON, BOYS... LET'S CELEBRATE!



BUT SOON...

WE'RE... WE'RE ALIVE! THERE WAS NO GAS AND... **BATMAN!** YOU!

BUT... BUT HOW DID YOU GET OUT OF SOLITARY?

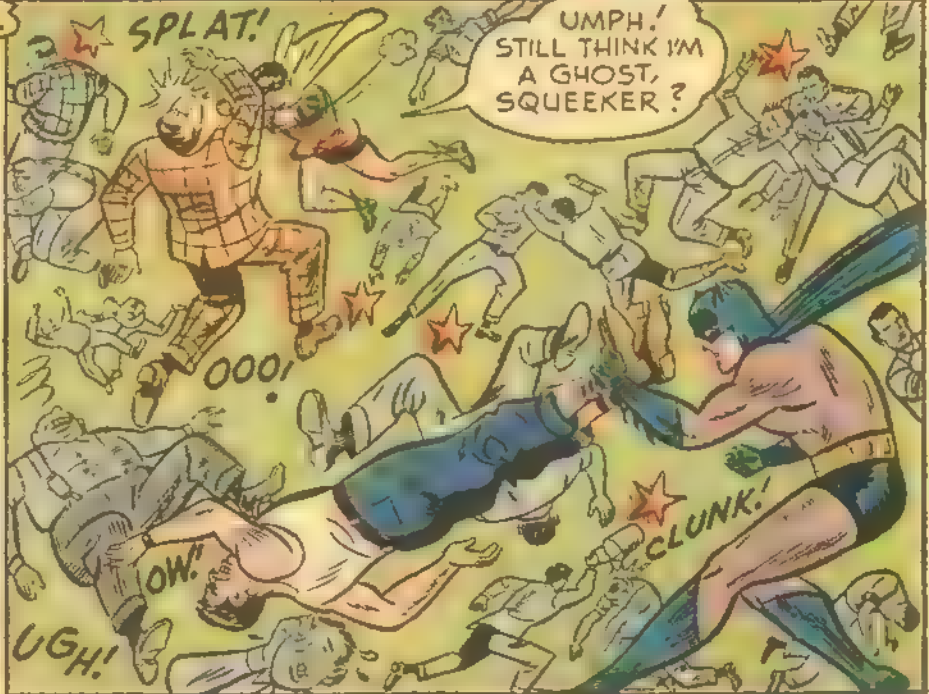
QUIET, EVERYONE! THE GAS WAS NEVER RELEASED, BUT THE GUARDS THINK YOU'RE ALL DEAD! NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO SURPRISE THEM! COME ON!



SHORTLY, IN THE GUARDS' LOCKER ROOM...

I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE THE BRIGHT LIGHTS AGAIN! THIS GUARD DUTY IS ALMOST AS BAD AS BEIN' IN STIR YOURSELF!

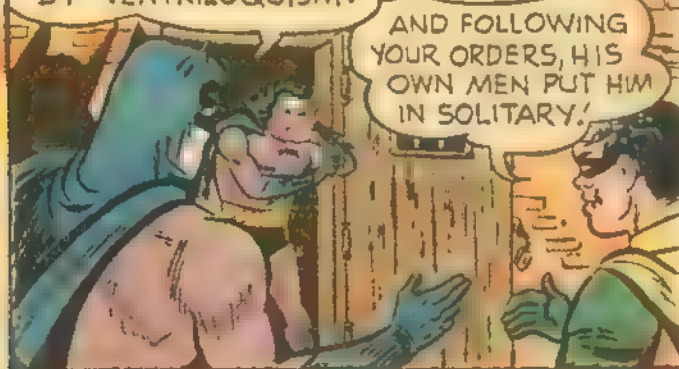
LOOK! IT... IT'S **GHOSTS!** EEEAAAH!



AND LATER, AFTER THE CRIMINAL GUARDS HAVE BEEN PLACED IN THE VERY CELLS THEY SO RECENTLY PATROLLED...

YOU SEE, I PURPOSELY TOOK A DIVE INTO THAT DARK CORNER--AND WHEN SCAR FOLLOWED ME, I KNOCKED HIM OUT! THEN I TOOK HIS CLOTHES AND DRESSED HIM IN THE LIGHT-WEIGHT **BATMAN** COSTUME WHICH I ALWAYS CARRY IN MY UTILITY BELT! SINCE HE WAS UNCONSCIOUS, I FAKED "**BATMAN'S**" VOICE BY VENTRILOQUISM!

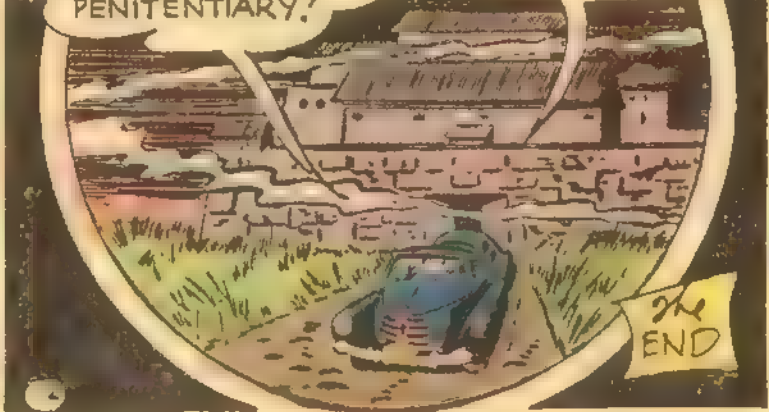
AND FOLLOWING YOUR ORDERS, HIS OWN MEN PUT HIM IN SOLITARY!



AFTERWARDS, AS DAWN RISES OVER THE MARSHLAND...

WELL--SCAR AND HIS BOYS CAN START SERVING TIME IN THERE OWN PRISON! WE'LL LEAVE THEM THERE UNTIL THE POLICE COME AND TAKE THEM TO THE REAL PENITENTIARY!

THEY SHOULD BE SENT UP JUST IN TIME TO WORK ON NEXT YEAR'S LICENSE PLATES!

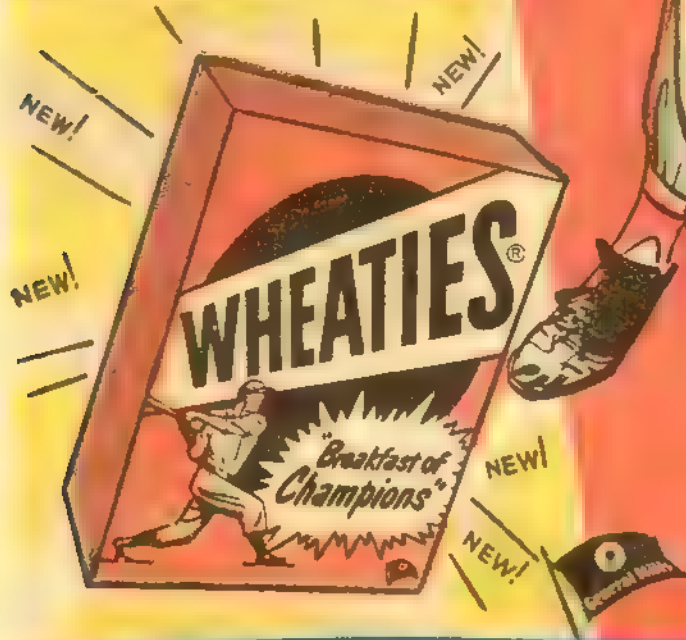


THE END

Champion Big League  
Slugger

What  
sparks a  
Champion  
sparks  
you!

AND CHAMPIONS CHOOSE WHEATIES!



Take a tip from  
the Champions-try  
**NEW** super-flaked  
Wheaties!

I GO FOR THE  
NEW WHEATIES IN  
A GREAT BIG WAY!

BOB LEMON



NEW WHEATIES ARE THE  
BEST WHEATIES  
I'VE EVER EATEN!

ROY CAMPANELLA



NEW WHEATIES  
ARE BETTER THAN  
EVER!

LARRY "YOGI" BERRA



NEW WHEATIES SURE TOP  
ANY CEREAL I'VE  
EVER EATEN!

PREACHER ROE

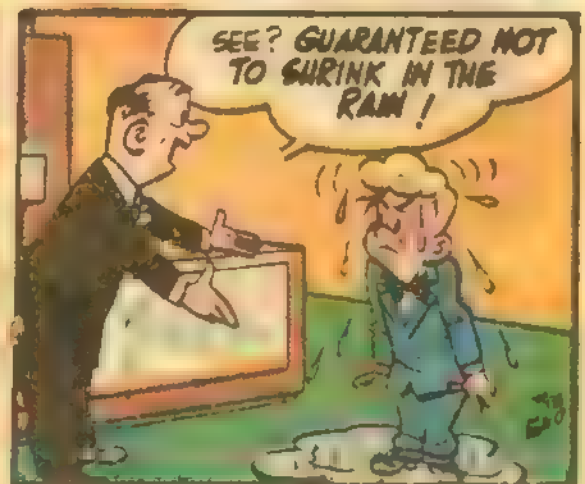
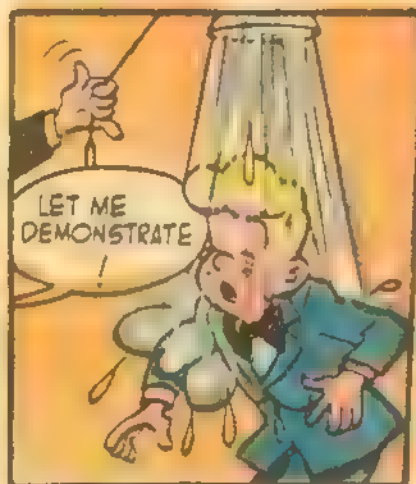
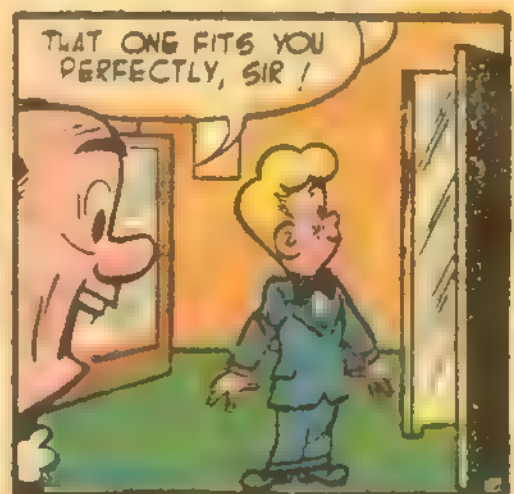
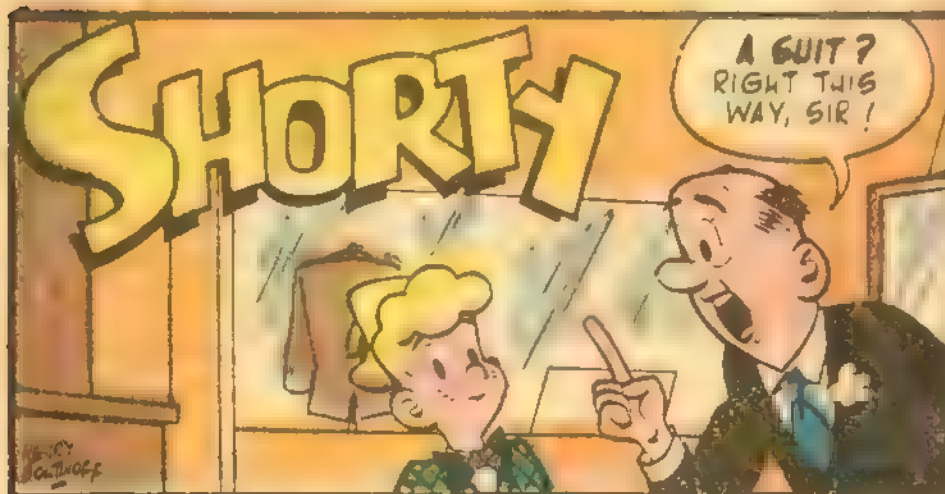
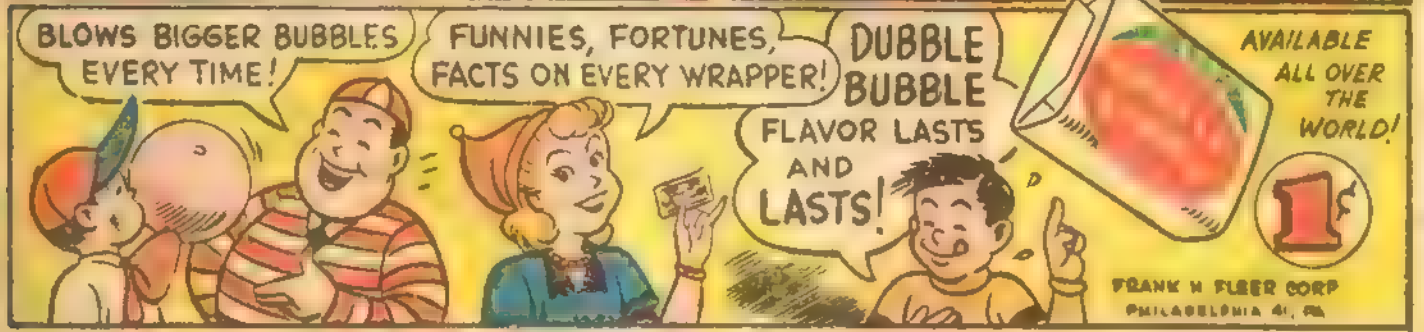
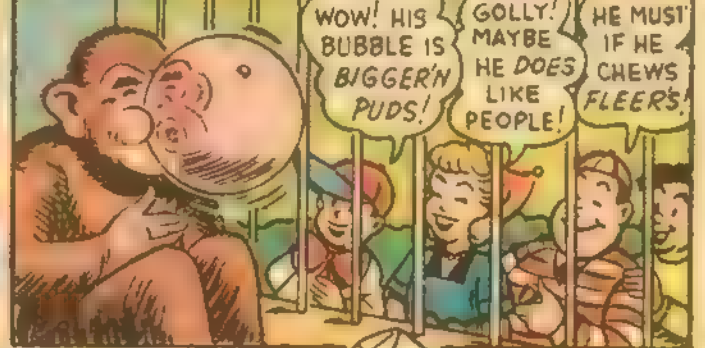
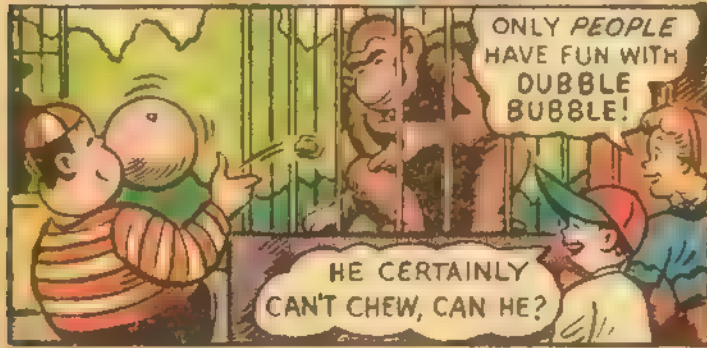
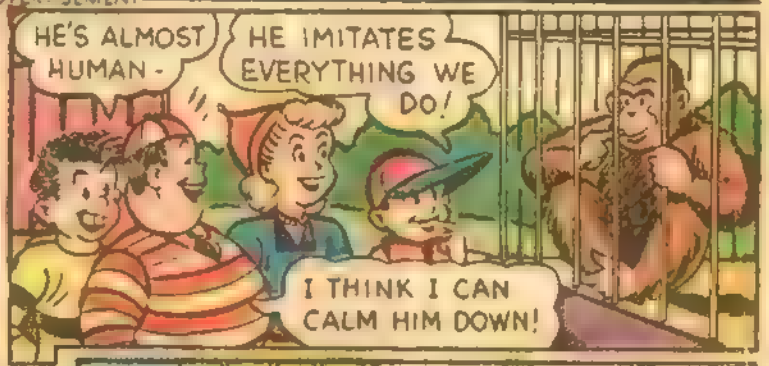


Same wonderful  
energy for you in  
new Wheaties because...



There's a whole kernel  
of wheat in every  
Wheaties flake!

*Breakfast of Champions!*



**T**HE MOST VITAL SECRET IN ALL GOTHAM CITY IS THE SECRET OF BATMAN'S IDENTITY! COUNTLESS CRIMINALS HAVE SOUGHT IT IN VAIN... A TRIBUTE TO THE RESOURCEFULNESS OF THE DARING DUO! BUT NOW... A NEW MENACE! AND FROM AN UNEXPECTED CORNER! COMMISSIONER GORDON... A FORMIDABLE LAWMAN HIMSELF... AND BATMAN'S CLOSEST FRIEND... TAKES FRIGHTENING ADVANTAGE OF HIS POSITION AS HE, TOO, SEEKS BATMAN'S IDENTITY IN THE STORY CALLED...

# BATMAN

With **ROBIN**  
THE BOY WONDER

## "COMMISSIONER GORDON'S GREATEST CASE!"

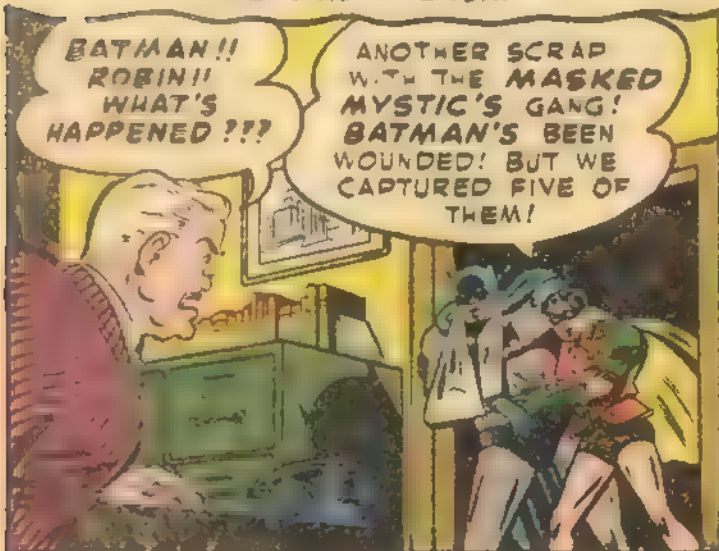




# BATMAN



ONE EVENING, IN COMMISSIONER GORDON'S OFFICE AT GOTHAM CITY POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

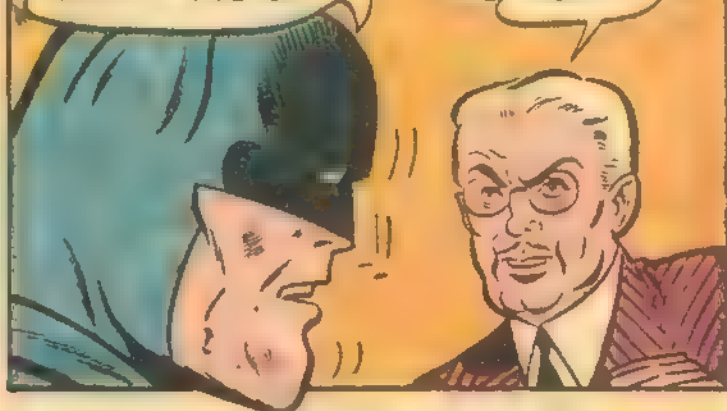


BATMAN!!  
ROBIN!!  
WHAT'S  
HAPPENED ???

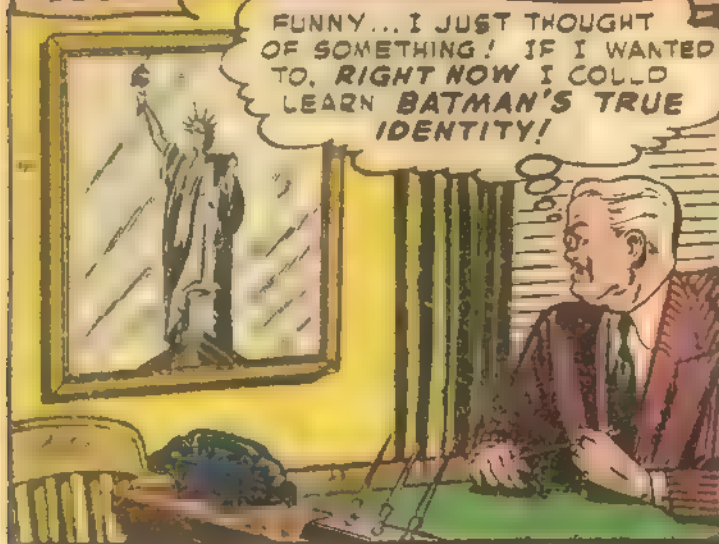
ANOTHER SCRAP  
WITH THE MASKED  
MYSTIC'S GANG!  
BATMAN'S BEEN  
WOUNDED! BUT WE  
CAPTURED FIVE OF  
THEM!

NOTHING SERIOUS,  
COMMISSIONER. A FEW  
CUTS, BRUISES, A SPRAINED  
WRIST. IF I COULD USE  
YOUR PRIVATE BATH, I'LL  
ATTEND TO THEM. WE  
HAVE COMPLETE FIRST-  
AID KITS IN OUR  
UTILITY BELTS!

BY ALL MEANS  
USE MY  
PRIVATE  
BATH!  
WELL, I'M  
CERTAINLY  
RELEVED YOU'RE  
NOT SERIOUSLY  
HURT!



SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, WHILE GORDON  
AWAITS THE RETURN OF THE DARING  
DUO...

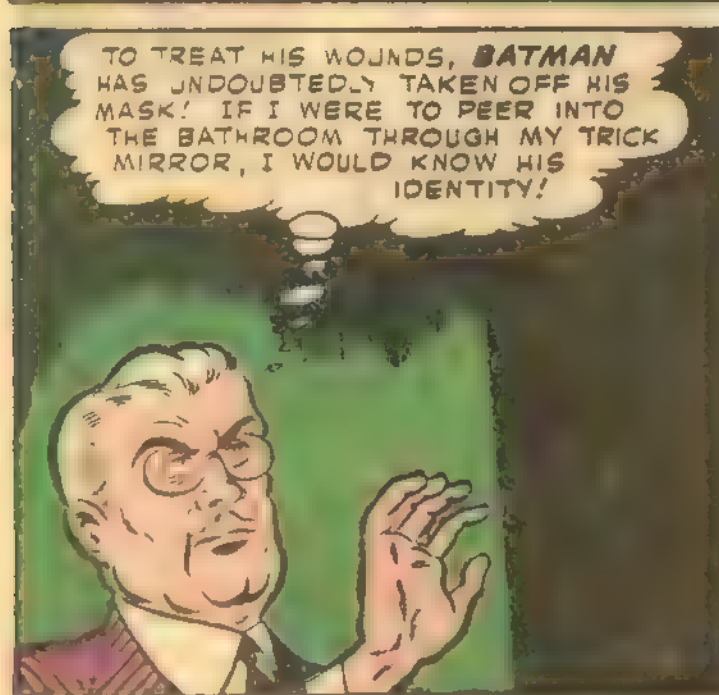


FUNNY... I JUST THOUGHT  
OF SOMETHING! IF I WANTED  
TO, RIGHT NOW I COULD  
LEARN BATMAN'S TRUE  
IDENTITY!

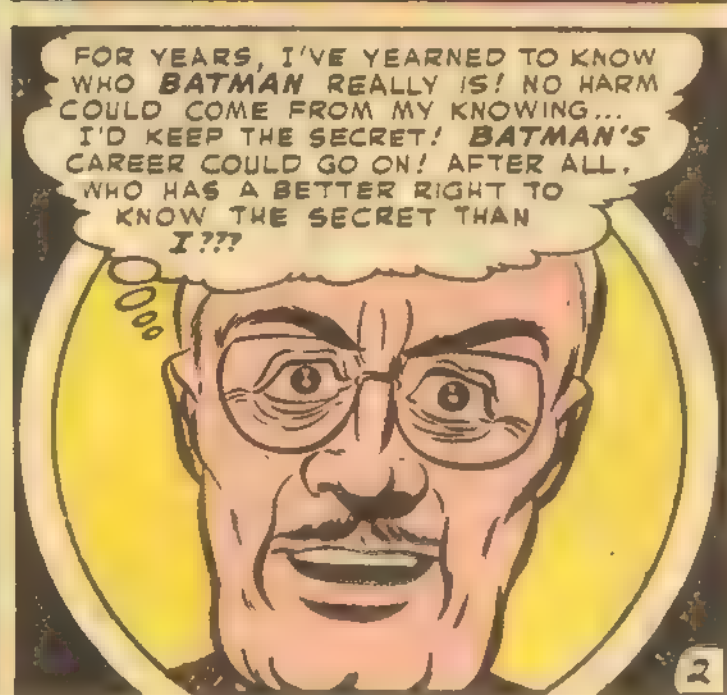
THIS PAINTING CONCEALS  
A SMALL PANE OF GLASS.  
THAT GLASS IS THE BACK OF  
A MIRROR IN MY BATHROOM...  
ONE OF THOSE TRICK MIRRORS  
THAT CAN BE SEEN THROUGH  
FROM THE OTHER SIDE...



TO TREAT HIS WOUNDS, BATMAN  
HAS UNDOUBTEDLY TAKEN OFF HIS  
MASK! IF I WERE TO PEER INTO  
THE BATHROOM THROUGH MY TRICK  
MIRROR, I WOULD KNOW HIS  
IDENTITY!

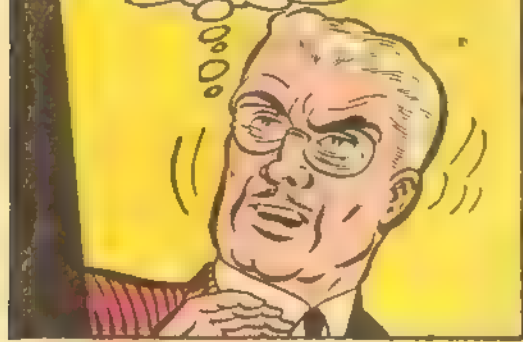


FOR YEARS, I'VE YEARNED TO KNOW  
WHO BATMAN REALLY IS! NO HARM  
COULD COME FROM MY KNOWING...  
I'D KEEP THE SECRET! BATMAN'S  
CAREER COULD GO ON! AFTER ALL,  
WHO HAS A BETTER RIGHT TO  
KNOW THE SECRET THAN  
I ???



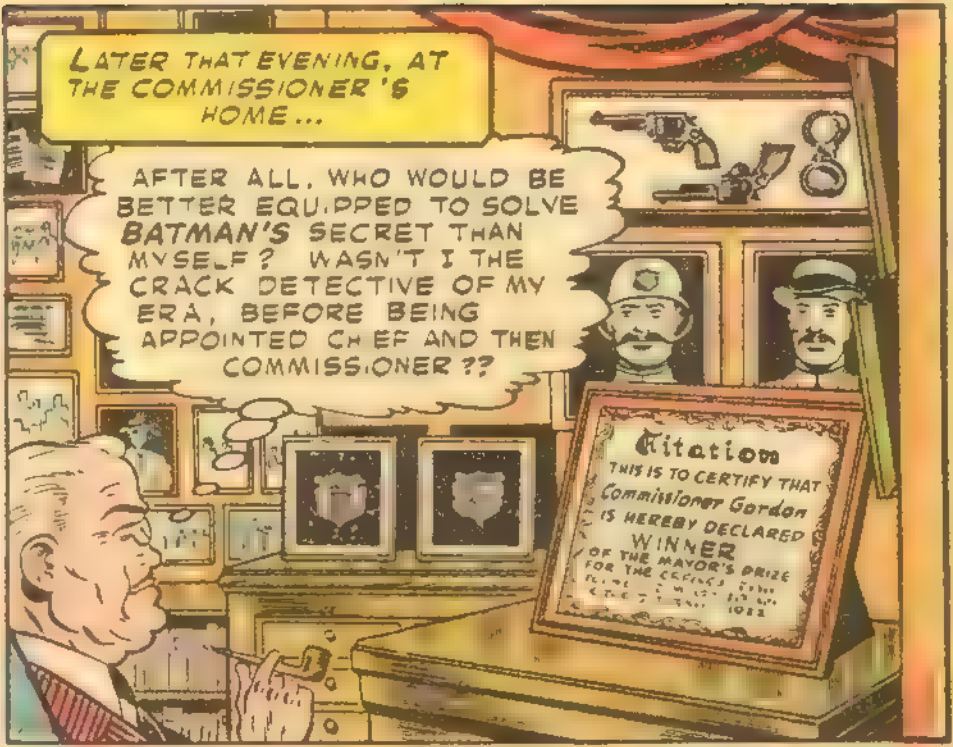
BUT THEN, GORDON MAKES A  
SNAP DEC'SION...

NO! NOT THIS WAY! I  
WON'T TAKE **ADVANTAGE**  
OF **BATMAN**! IF I'M TO  
LEARN HIS IDENTITY, I'LL  
DO IT THE RIGHT WAY... BY  
SHEER BRAINWORK! THEN,  
WHEN I'M SURE, I'LL LURE  
**BATMAN** BACK TO THIS  
MIRROR... AND CONFIRM  
MY GUESS!



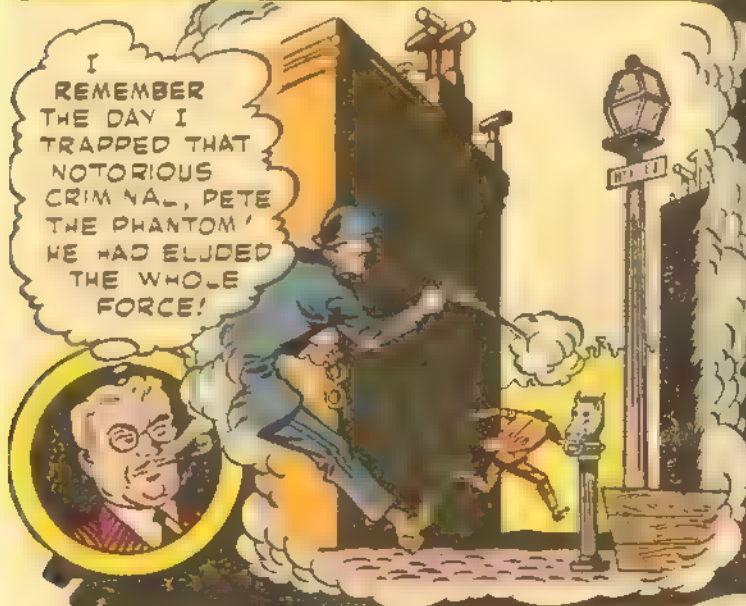
LATER THAT EVENING, AT  
THE COMMISSIONER'S  
HOME...

AFTER ALL, WHO WOULD BE  
BETTER EQUIPPED TO SOLVE  
**BATMAN'S** SECRET THAN  
MYSELF? WASN'T I THE  
CRACK DETECTIVE OF MY  
ERA, BEFORE BEING  
APPOINTED CHIEF AND THEN  
COMMISSIONER??



THEN, AS THE COMMISSIONER LETS HIS MIND  
SLIP BACK TO THE PAST...

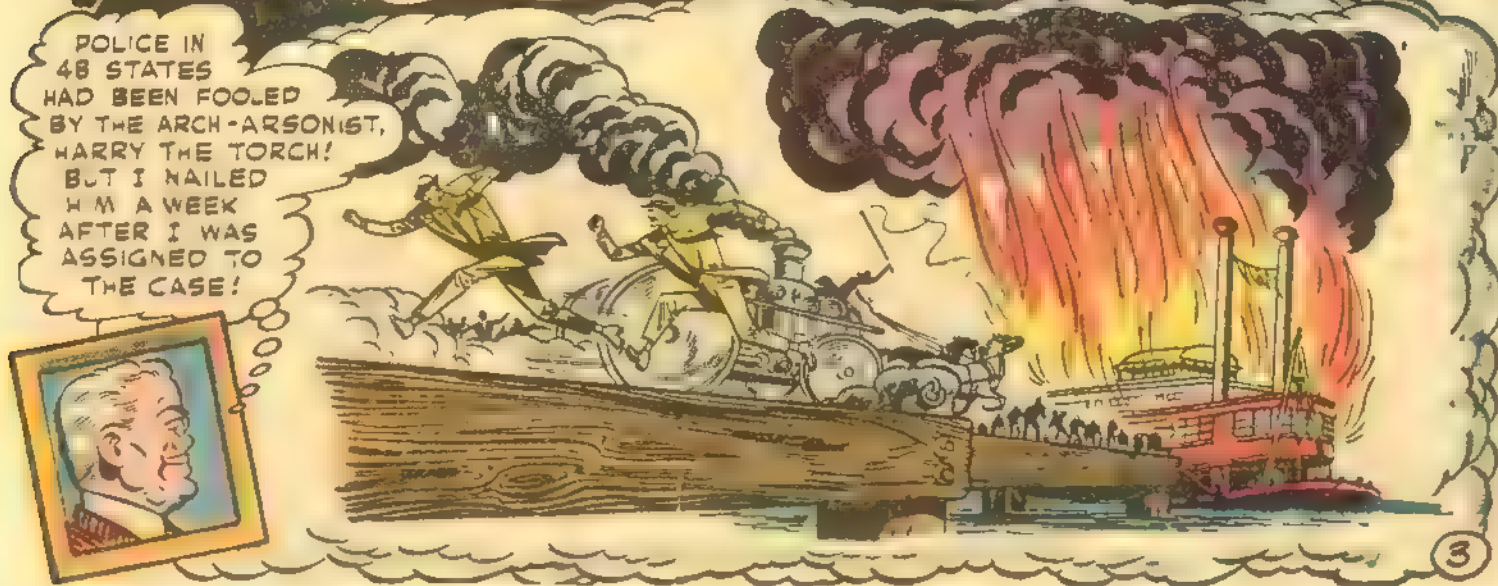
I  
REMEMBER  
THE DAY I  
TRAPPED THAT  
NOTORIOUS  
CRIMINAL, PETE  
THE PHANTOM!  
HE HAD ELUDED  
THE WHOLE  
FORCE!

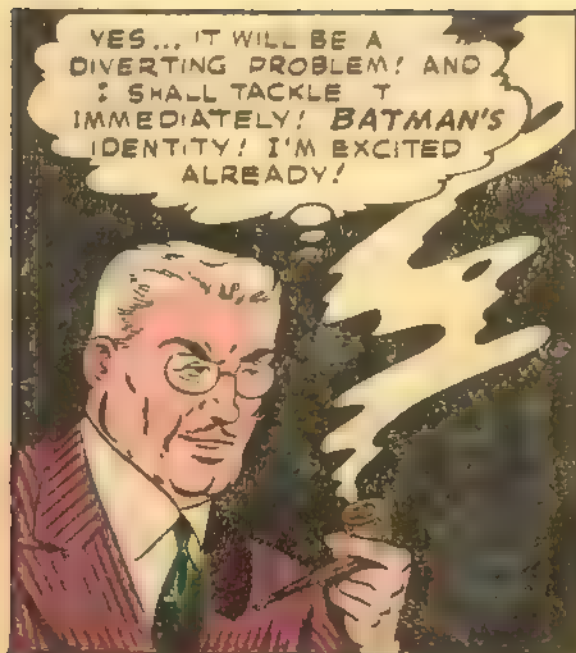


AND AS A  
PLAINCLOTHES-  
MAN, DIDN'T I  
SOLVE THE  
FAMOUS  
WAX MUSEUM  
MURDERS  
SINGLE-  
HANDEDLY!



POLICE IN  
48 STATES  
HAD BEEN FOOLED  
BY THE ARCH-ARSONIST,  
HARRY THE TORCH!  
BUT I NAILED  
HIM A WEEK  
AFTER I WAS  
ASSIGNED TO  
THE CASE!



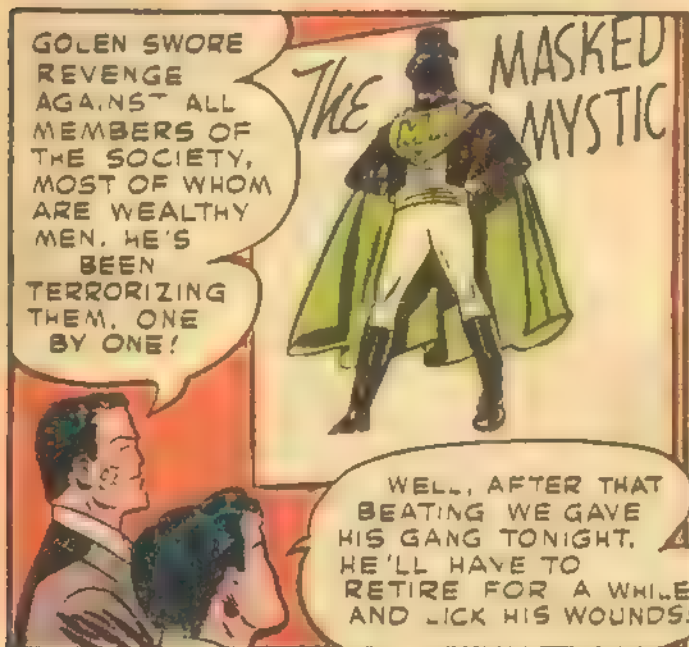
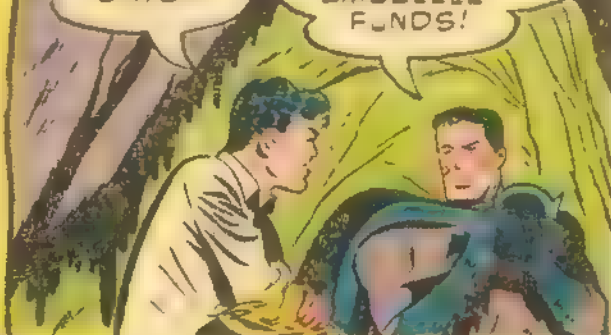


MEANWHILE, IN THE **BAT-CAVE** UNDERNEATH THE MANSION OF SOCIALITE BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON.



BRUCE... WHO IS THE **MASKED MYSTIC**, ANYWAY? YOU KNOW, I WAS AWAY AT THE YOUTH CONVENTION... AND YOU NEVER DID BRING ME UP TO DATE...

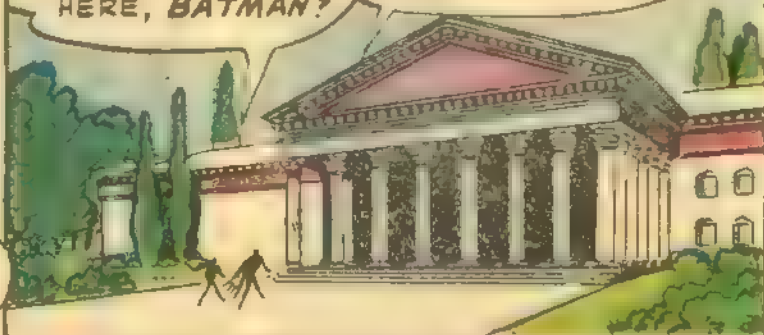
HE'S A MAN NAMED GIL GOLEN... WHO WAS TREASURER OF THE AMATEUR MAGICIANS' SOCIETY UNTIL THEY THREW HIM OUT FOR ATTEMPTING TO EMBEZZLE FUNDS!



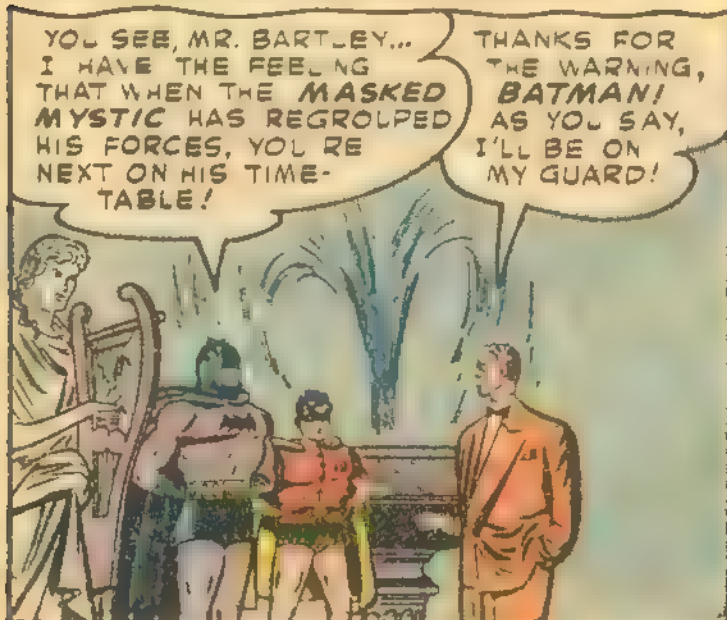
NEXT DAY, AS **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** RETURN TO THEIR WAR AGAINST CRIME...

WOW! THE GREEK TEMPLE HOME OF JAMES BARTLEY, THE HISTORIAN, AND COMMISSIONER GORDON'S CLOSE FRIEND. WHY COME HERE, **BATMAN**?

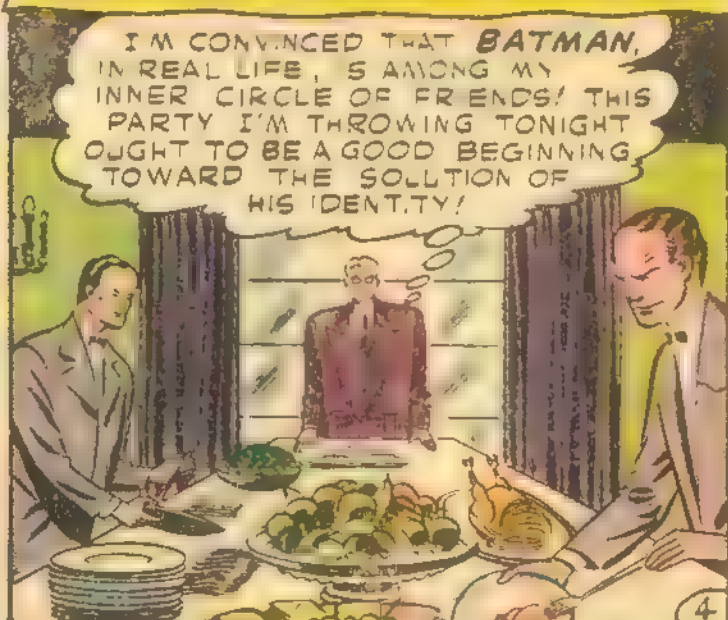
IT'S NOT GENERALLY KNOWN THAT BARTLEY IS AN AMATEUR MAGICIAN AND A MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY. I WANT TO HAVE A CHAT WITH HIM...



AND INSIDE THE IMPOSING EDIFICE...



MEANWHILE, AT COMMISSIONER GORDON'S HOME...



THAT EVENING, AS BRUCE AND DICK ARRIVE FOR THE PARTY...

HM... LOOKS LIKE GORDON'S HAVING HIS ROOF FIXED! LOOK AT ALL THAT TAR-PAPER OVER THERE!

RIGHT NOW I'M ADMIRING YOUR FACE... AND THE SLICK WAY YOU USED MAKE-UP TO CONCEAL THE CUTS AND BRUISES YOU RECEIVED YESTERDAY!



AND AS THE PARTY GETS UNDER WAY...

HOW ARE YOU BARTLEY?

FINE WAYNE... AND YOU?

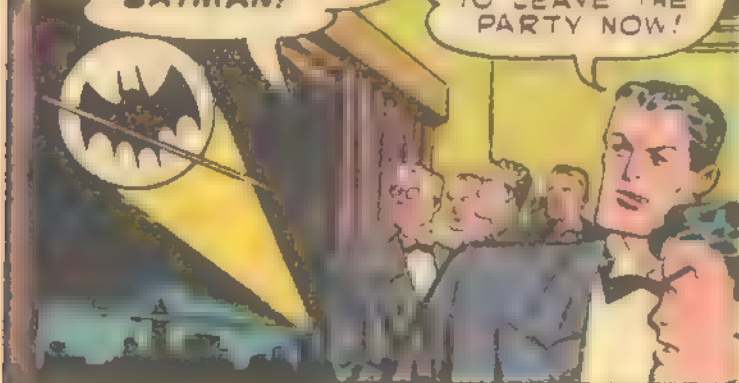
MMM... IF HE'S HERE, HE WAS CLEVER ENOUGH TO CONCEAL HIS WOUNDS! BUT SOON WE'LL HAVE SOME FUN!



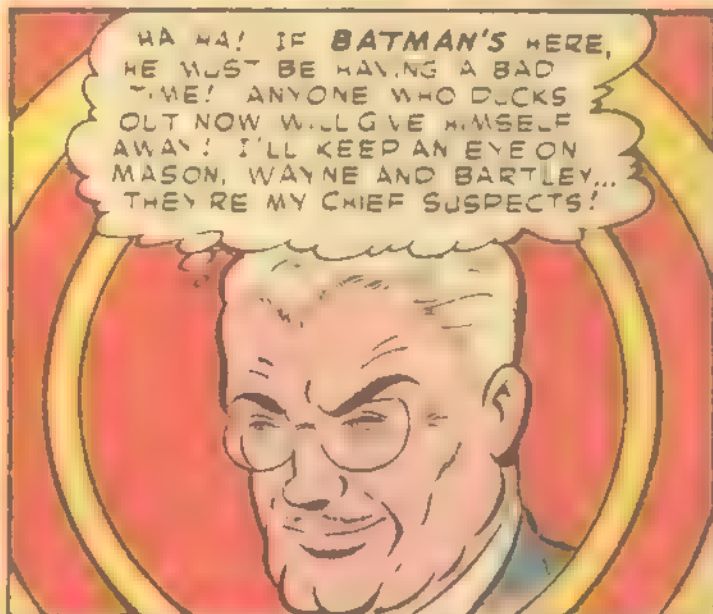
SHORTLY AFTERWARDS...

THE BAT-SIGNAL? OH YES... I HAD ONE OF MY MEN TURN IT ON. I HAVE SOMETHING I MUST DISCUSS WITH BATMAN!

THIS IS BAD, DICK... WE'VE GOT TO THINK FAST! IT'LL BE TOO OBVIOUS, IF WE MAKE SOME EXCUSE TO LEAVE THE PARTY NOW!



HA HA! IF BATMAN'S HERE, HE MUST BE HAVING A BAD TIME! ANYONE WHO DUCKS OUT NOW WILL GIVE HIMSELF AWAY! I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON MASON, WAYNE AND BARTLEY... THEY'RE MY CHIEF SUSPECTS!



BUT SUDDENLY, AN UNEXPECTED INTERRUPTION!

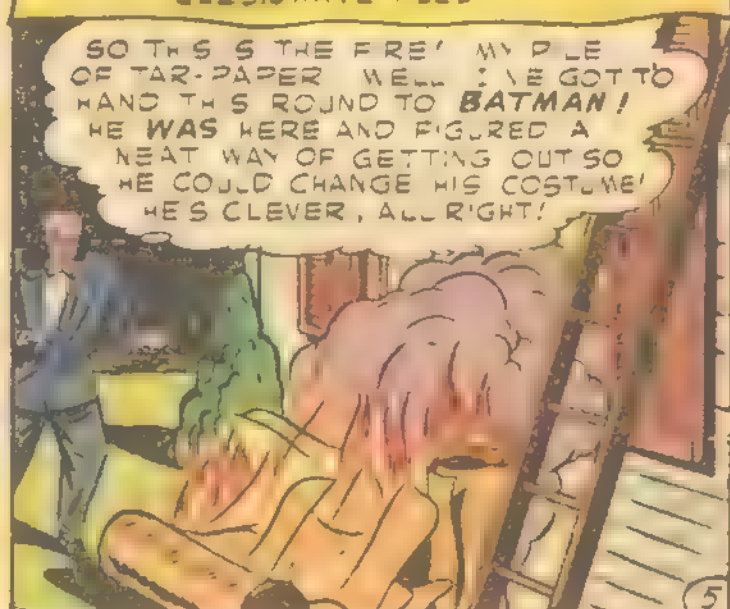
FIRE! FIRE! DON'T BE ALARMED... LEAVE BY THE MAIN DOOR!

FIRE? BUT THIS HOUSE IS FIRE PROOF!



AND MOMENTS LATER, WHEN ALL THE GUESTS HAVE FLED!

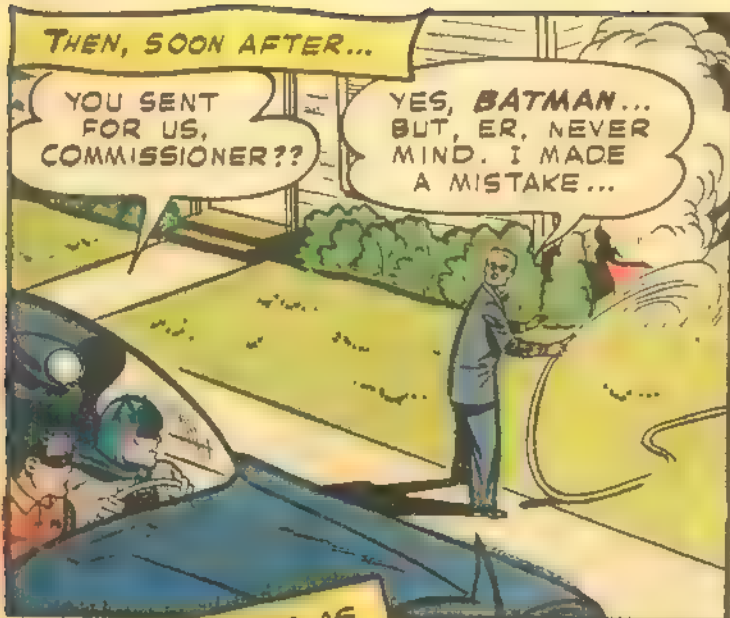
SO THIS IS THE FIRE! MY PILE OF TAR-PAPER... WELL, I'VE GOT TO HAND THIS ROUND TO BATMAN! HE WAS HERE AND FIGURED A NEAT WAY OF GETTING OUT SO HE COULD CHANGE HIS COSTUME! HE'S CLEVER, ALL RIGHT!



THEN, SOON AFTER...

YOU SENT FOR US, COMMISSIONER??

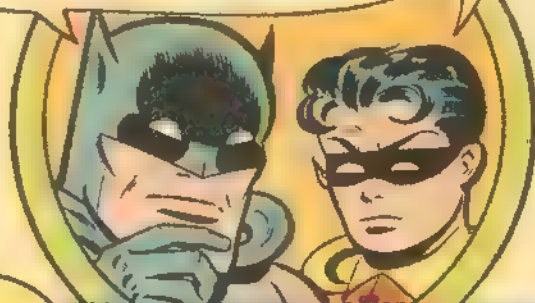
YES, BATMAN... BUT, ER, NEVER MIND. I MADE A MISTAKE...



AND LATER, IN THE BAT-CAVE...

THAT WAS AN ODD BUSINESS TONIGHT, ROBIN! I COULD ALMOST SWEAR GORDON WAS UP TO SOME PRANK... TO MAKE US GIVE AWAY OUR IDENTITY!

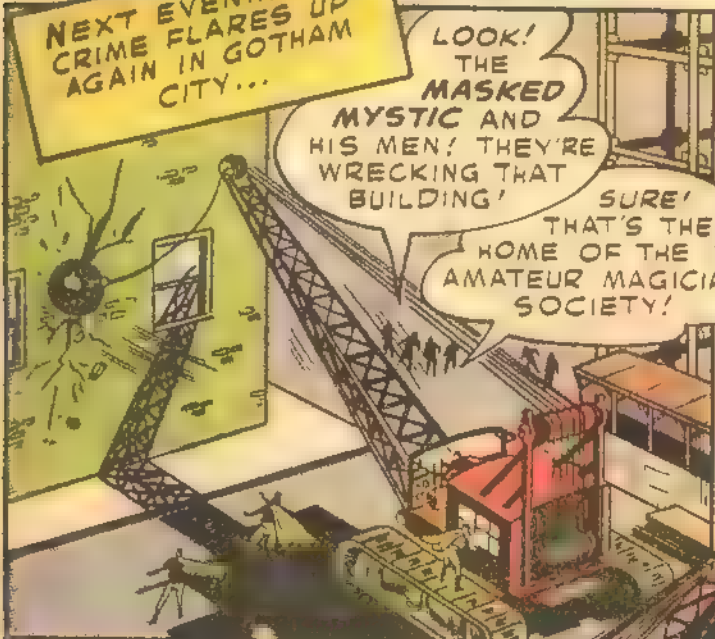
IT'S POSSIBLE! EVERYONE IS INTRIGUED WITH OUR SECRET. YOU'LL HAVE TO BE DOUBLY CAREFUL NOW!



NEXT EVENING, AS CRIME FLARES UP AGAIN IN GOTHAM CITY...

LOOK! THE MASKED MYSTIC AND HIS MEN! THEY'RE WRECKING THAT BUILDING!

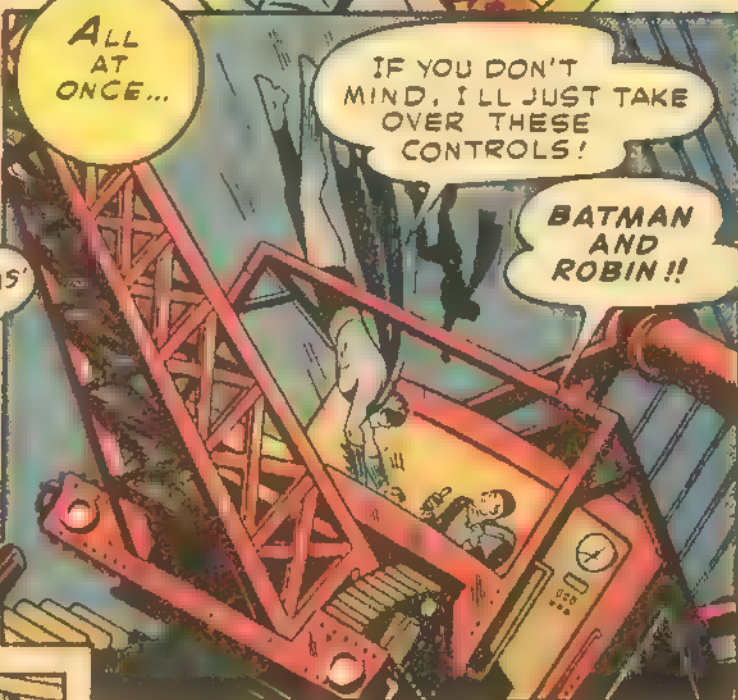
SURE! THAT'S THE HOME OF THE AMATEUR MAGICIANS' SOCIETY!



ALL AT ONCE...

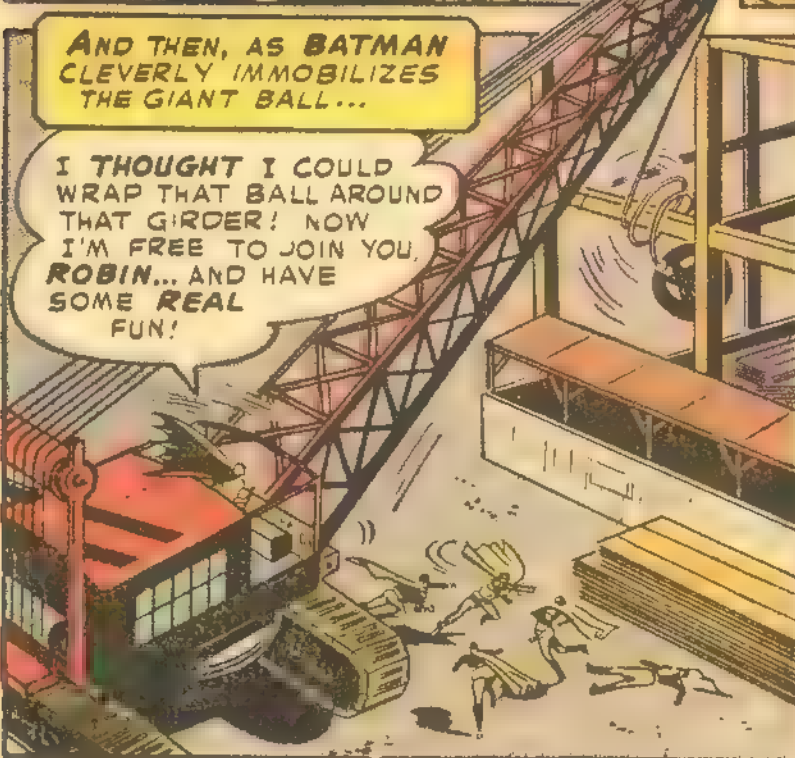
IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'LL JUST TAKE OVER THESE CONTROLS!

BATMAN AND ROBIN!!



AND THEN, AS BATMAN CLEVERLY IMMOBILIZES THE GIANT BALL...

I THOUGHT I COULD WRAP THAT BALL AROUND THAT GIRDER! NOW I'M FREE TO JOIN YOU, ROBIN... AND HAVE SOME REAL FUN!

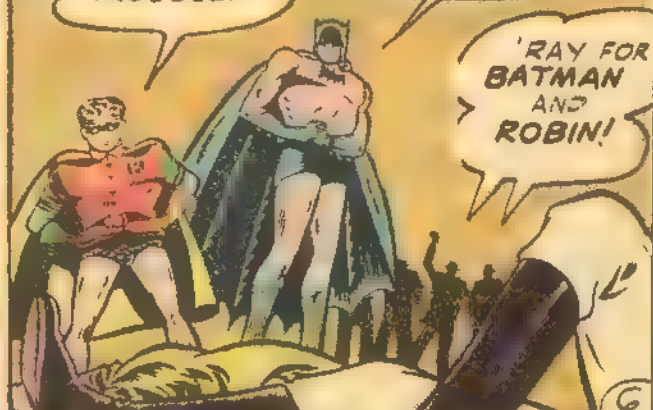


MOMENTS LATER, AFTER A BRIEF BUT FURIOUS STRUGGLE...

WELL, THAT MAKES SIX MORE OF THE MASKED MYSTIC'S MEN WHO WON'T BE GIVING US ANY TROUBLE!

RIGHT! LET'S GET THEM DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS, ROBIN!

'RAY FOR BATMAN AND ROBIN!





# BATMAN



AND, LATER, AS THE PRISONERS ARE HERDED INTO THE POLICE HEADQUARTERS...



NO ONE HAS EVER GOTTEN A SPECIMEN OF **BATMAN'S** HANDWRITING! BUT I'LL GET ONE... EVEN THOUGH I REALIZE I'M TAKING ADVANTAGE OF MY POSITION!

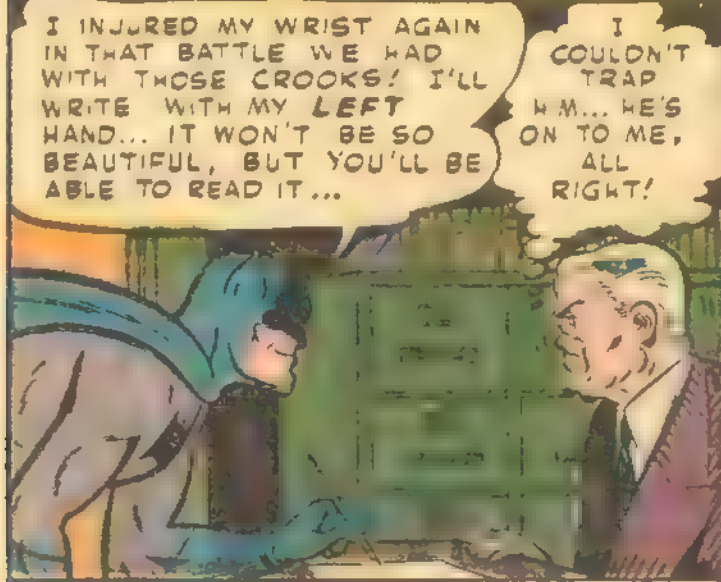
THEN...

NEW REGIME AROUND HERE NOW, **BATMAN**—WE'RE STICKING TO THE RULES AND REGULATIONS! YOU'LL HAVE TO SWEAR OUT THESE WARRANTS AGAINST THE PRISONERS!

OH-OH! THAT MEANS **HAND-WRITING!**



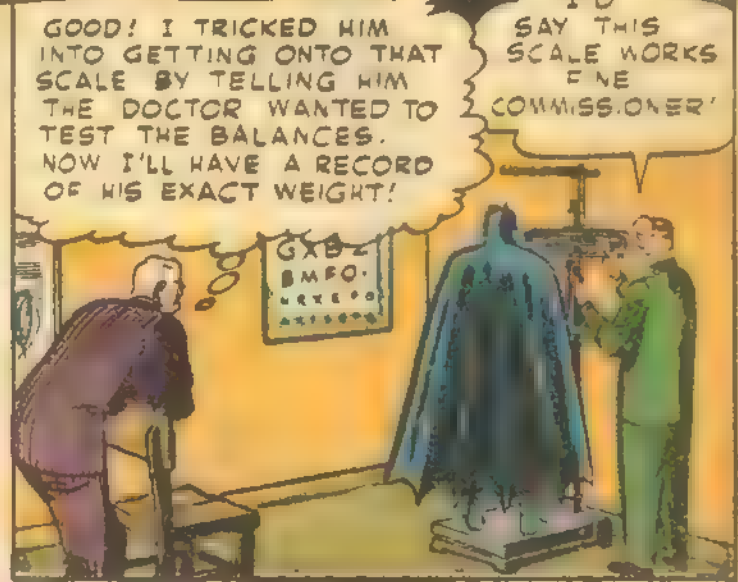
BUT TO GORDON'S DISMAY...



I INJURED MY WRIST AGAIN IN THAT BATTLE WE HAD WITH THOSE CROOKS! I'LL WRITE WITH MY **LEFT** HAND... IT WON'T BE SO BEAUTIFUL, BUT YOU'LL BE ABLE TO READ IT...

I COULDN'T TRAP HIM... HE'S ON TO ME, ALL RIGHT!

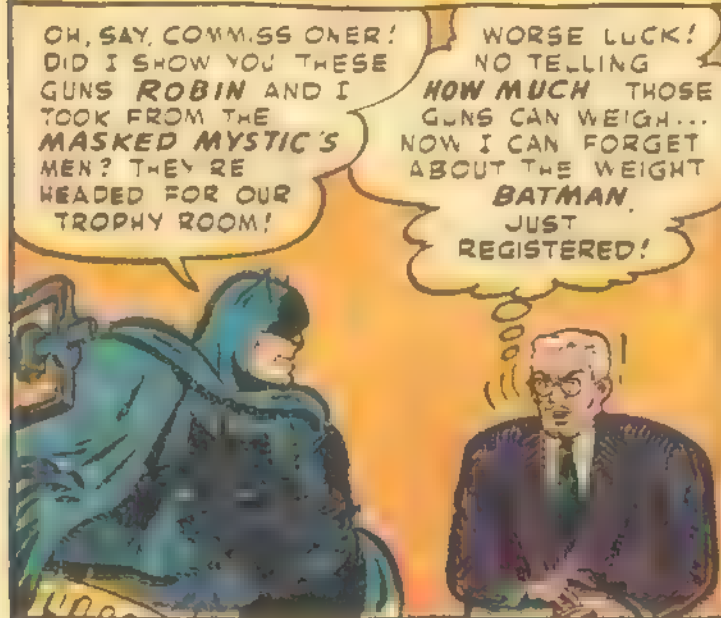
AS DAYS PASS...



GOOD! I TRICKED HIM INTO GETTING ONTO THAT SCALE BY TELLING HIM THE DOCTOR WANTED TO TEST THE BALANCES. NOW I'LL HAVE A RECORD OF HIS EXACT WEIGHT!

I'D SAY THIS SCALE WORKS FINE COMMISSIONER!

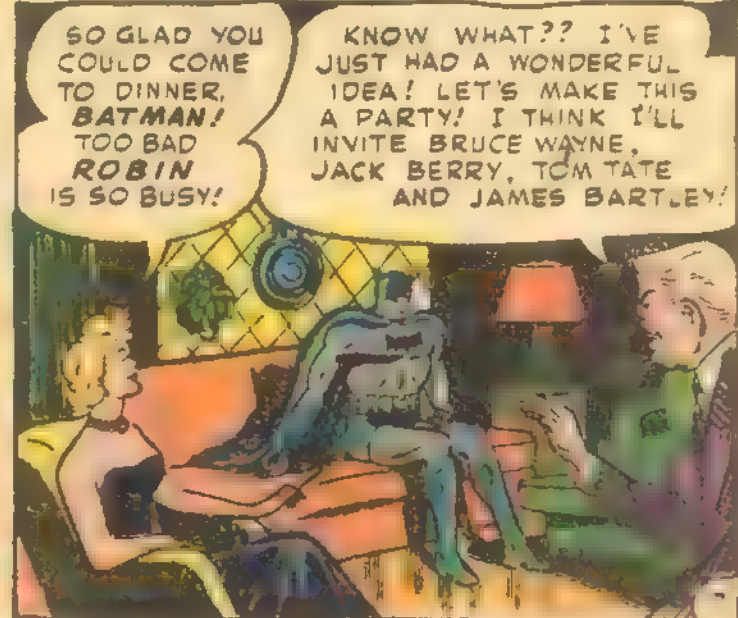
BUT AS **BATMAN** STEPS OFF THE SCALE...



OH, SAY, COMMISSIONER! DID I SHOW YOU THESE GUNS **ROBIN** AND I TOOK FROM THE **MASKED MYSTIC'S** MEN? THEY'RE HEADED FOR OUR TROPHY ROOM!

WORSE LUCK! NO TELLING **HOW MUCH** THOSE GUNS CAN WEIGH... NOW I CAN FORGET ABOUT THE WEIGHT **BATMAN** JUST REGISTERED!

THAT NIGHT, AT GORDON'S HOME...



SO GLAD YOU COULD COME TO DINNER, **BATMAN!** TOO BAD **ROBIN** IS SO BUSY!

KNOW WHAT?? I'VE JUST HAD A WONDERFUL IDEA! LET'S MAKE THIS A PARTY! I THINK I'LL INVITE **BRUCE WAYNE**, **JACK BERRY**, **TOM TATE** AND **JAMES BARTLEY!**



# BATMAN



I THINK A DINNER PARTY IS A SPLENDID IDEA. DEAR! OH, THANK YOU, **BATMAN!**

**BATMAN** MAY WELL BE ONE OF THE FOUR MEN I'VE JUST NAMED! IF HE IS, I MUST SAY HE'S TAKING THIS CALMLY!

*SHORTLY AFTERWARDS...*

OH, FINLEY... HERE ARE SOME PEOPLE I WANT YOU TO CALL UP AND INVITE OVER FOR DINNER. TELL THEM IT'S AN IMPROMPTU PARTY...

VERY GOOD, SIR!

*A FEW MOMENTS LATER...*

SORRY, SIR -- BUT MR. WAYNE IS NOT AT HOME. I'LL TRY THE OTHERS NOW...

YES, DO, FINLEY!

HMMM! VERY INTERESTING! SO BRUCE WAYNE IS NOT AT HOME!

*BUT THEN, SHORTLY AFTERWARDS...*

THIS IS MOST ODD, SIR! NONE OF THE GENTLEMEN YOU ASKED ME TO CALL IS AT HOME!

OH, BOTHER! AND JUST WHEN I THOUGHT I WAS GETTING ON TO SOMETHING!

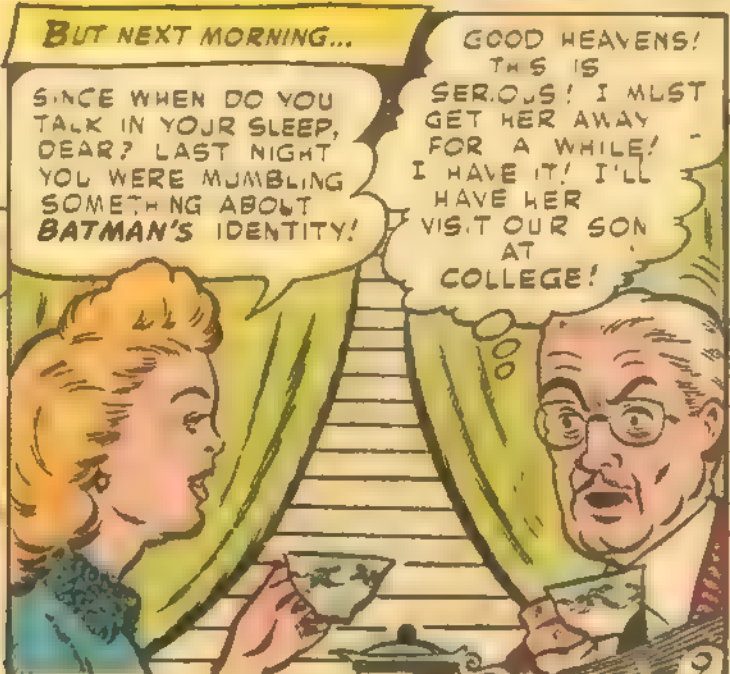
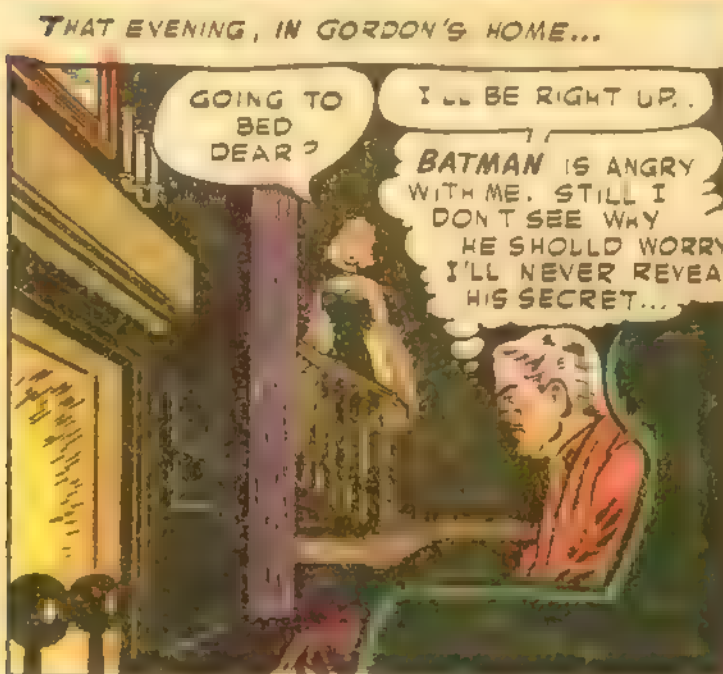
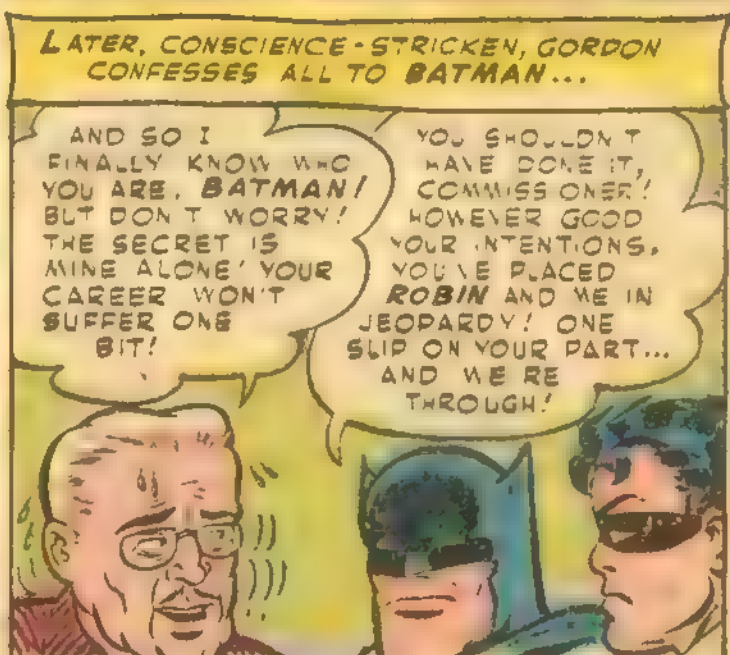
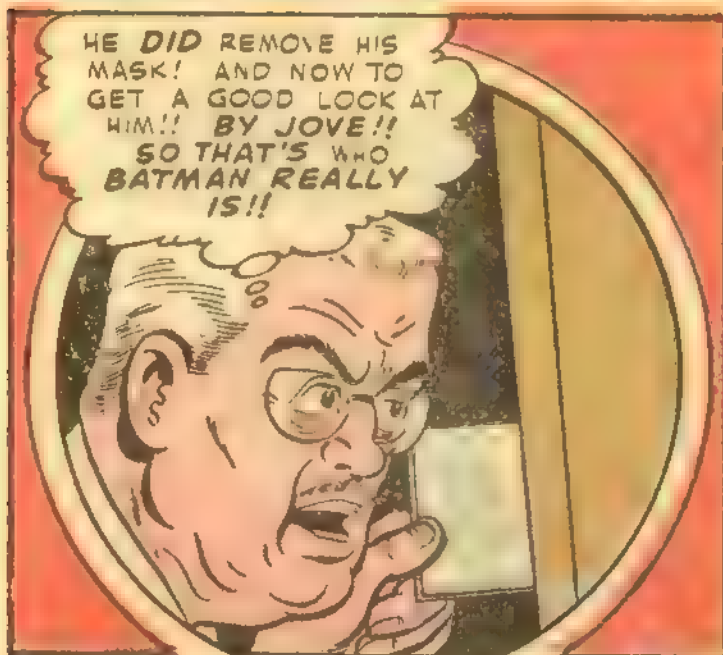
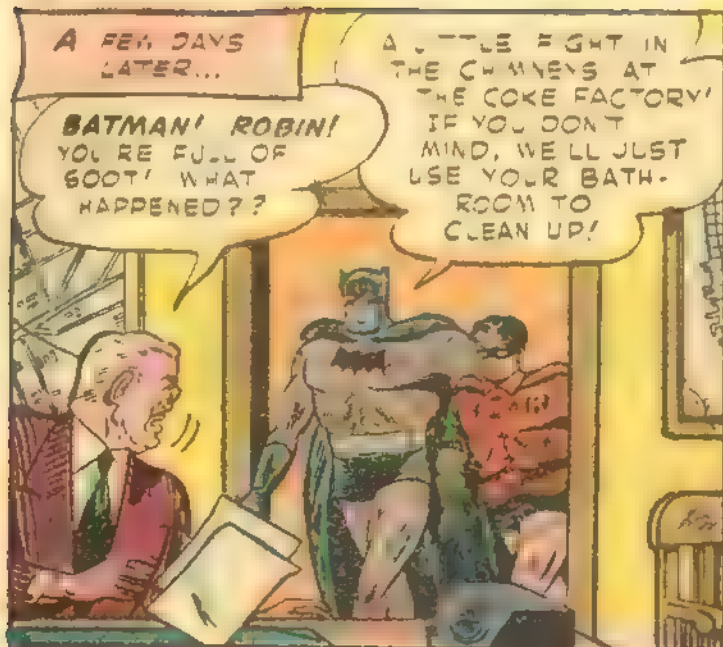
*LATER, IN THE BAT-CAVE...*

GOOD WORK, **ROBIN!** JUST AS WE HAD GUESSED, GORDON PULLED A TRICK! BUT MY BELT-RADIO WAS ON ALL THE TIME... ENABLING YOU TO HEAR GORDON'S PLAN!

AND HOW! GOOD OLD RADIO! AS SOON AS I HEARD THOSE NAMES, I GOT THEM ALL ON THE PHONE, TOLD THEM TO MEET ME RIGHT AWAY DOWNTOWN! THE HOAX WORKED!

TO GET TO MORE SERIOUS THINGS, IT APPEARS THAT THE **MASKED MYSTIC** IS ABOUT TO CLOSE IN ON JIM HARTLEY! WE'VE GOT TO BE ON OUR TOES!

RIGHT! IT'S ABOUT TIME WE PUT AN END TO THAT MARAUDING EX-MAGICIAN!



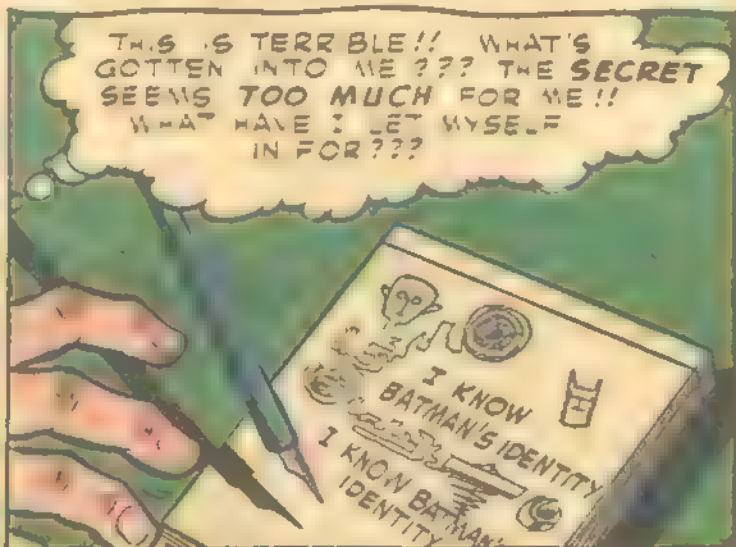
LATER THAT MORNING, AT GORDON'S OFFICE...

GOOD! SHE'S MAKING THE 11 O'CLOCK TRAIN! BY THE TIME SHE COMES BACK, MAYBE I'LL HAVE STOPPED TALKING AND MY SLEEP!



BUT THEN, AS THE COMMISSIONER STARES AT HIS SUBCONSCIOUS DOODLING ON THE PAD IN FRONT OF HIM...

THIS IS TERRIBLE!! WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO ME??? THE SECRET SEEMS TOO MUCH FOR ME!! WHAT HAVE I LET MYSELF IN FOR???



AND THAT NIGHT, AS A WORRIED GORDON DRIVES HOME...

HEY! STOP DAY-DREAMING YAC! KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE ROAD!

THIS BUSINESS HAS GOT ME SO UPSET, I HARDLY KNOW WHAT I'M DOING!



THEN, AS GORDON TRIES TO RIGHT HIS CAR, IT SKIDS OUT OF CONTROL!

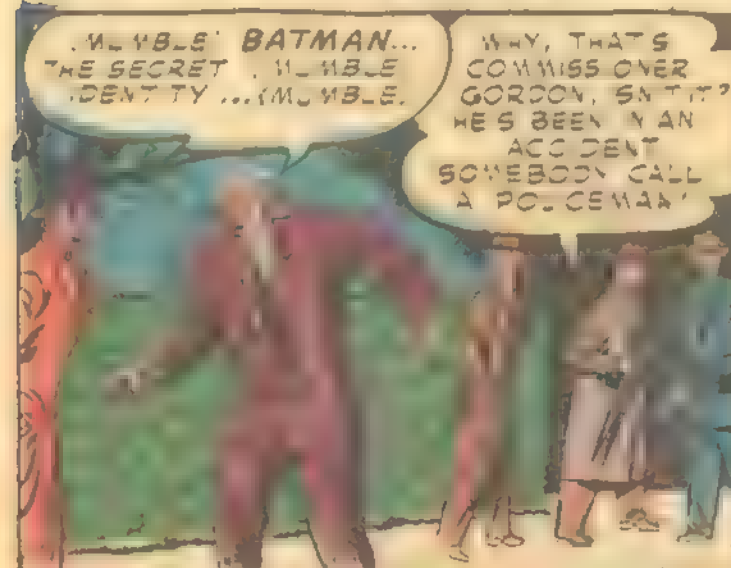
OOOH! MY HEAD!!



DAZED BY THE BLOW, GORDON WANDERS FROM THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT, MUTTERING VAGUELY TO HIMSELF...

...MUMBLE! BATMAN... THE SECRET... MUMBLE! IDENTITY... MUMBLE!

WHY, THAT'S COMMISSIONER GORDON, ISN'T IT? HE'S BEEN IN AN ACCIDENT SOMEBODY CALL A POLICEMAN!

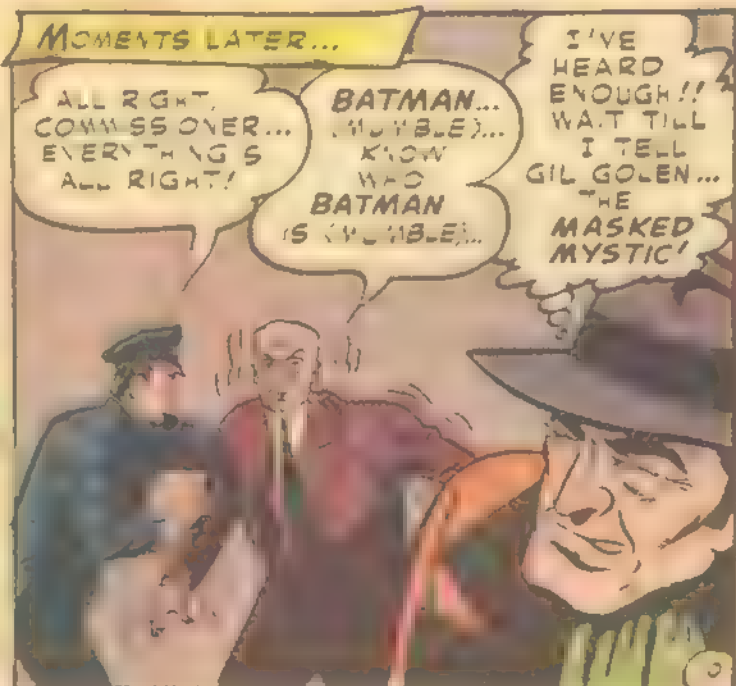


MOMENTS LATER...

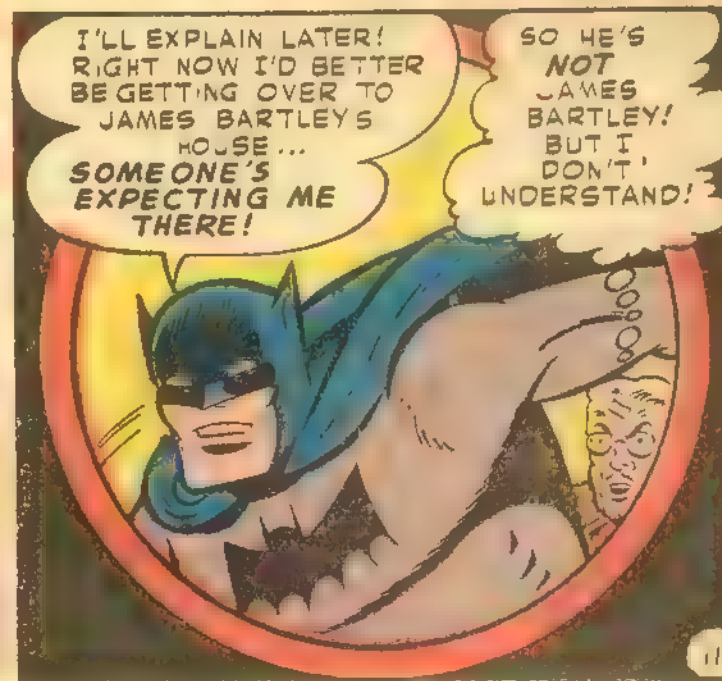
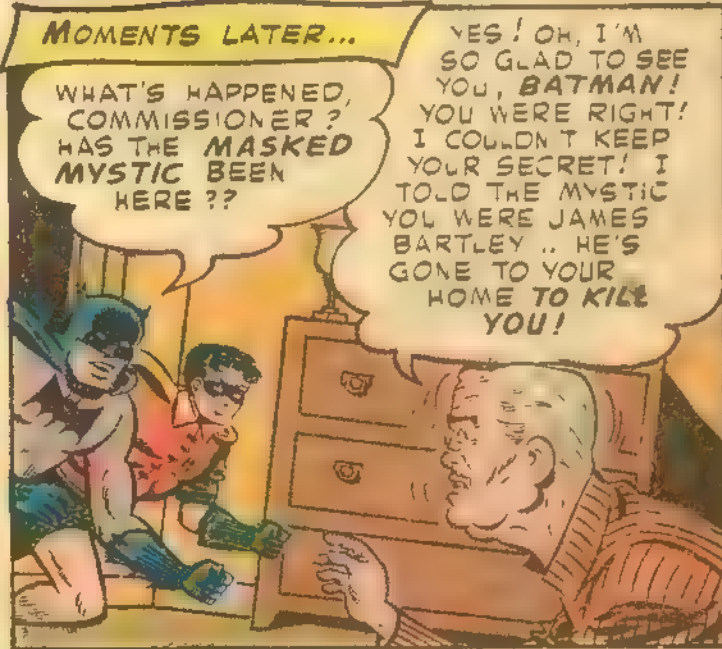
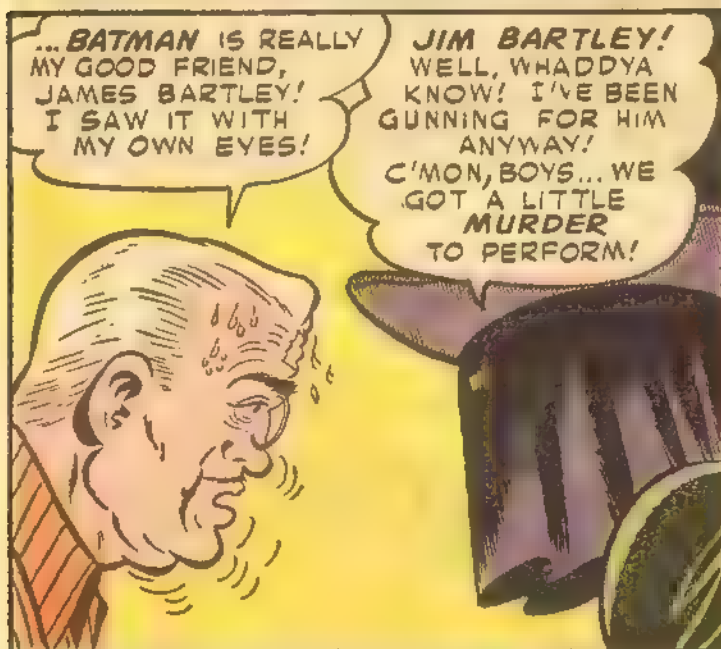
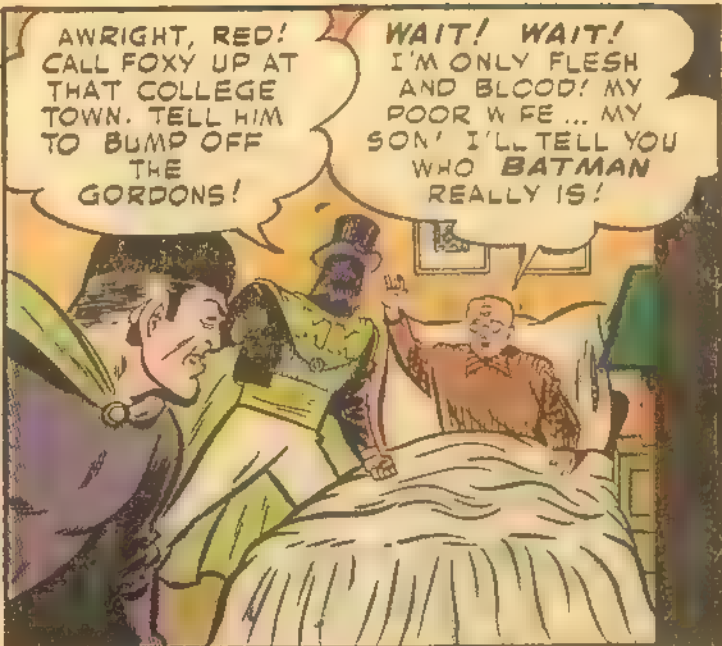
ALL RIGHT, COMMISSIONER... EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT!

BATMAN... (MUMBLE)... I KNOW WHO BATMAN IS (MUMBLE)...

I'VE HEARD ENOUGH!! WAIT TILL I TELL GIL GOLEN... THE MASKED MYSTIC!



NEXT EVENING, AS GORDON CONVALESCES,  
UNWELCOME VISITORS STORM HIS HOUSE!



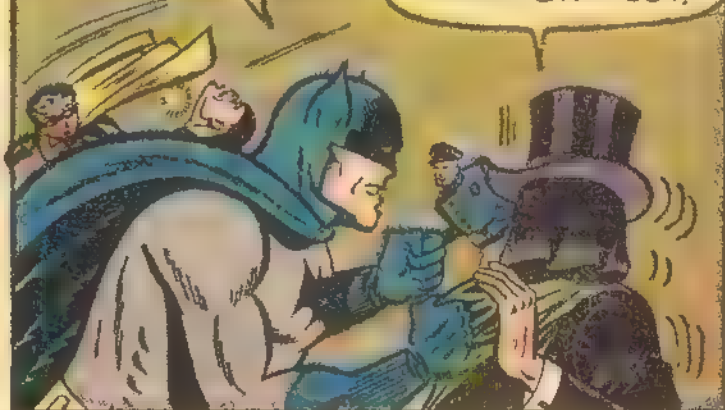
AND AT JAMES BARTLEY'S GREEK TEMPLE HOME, BATMAN AND ROBIN CLASH HEAD-ON WITH THE MASKED MYSTIC AND HIS MEN!



THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT, ROBIN... SURPRISE!

ALL RIGHT, GOLEN... HALLOWEEN IS OVER! YOU CAN PUT AWAY YOUR MASK... WE'LL GIVE YOU SOME NICE PRISON STRIPES IN EXCHANGE!

DON'T CROW, BATMAN... YOU'RE FINISHED, TOO! WAIT TILL I SING TO THE WORLD THAT YOU'RE JAMES BARTLEY!



A MOMENT LATER...

MR. BARTLEY... MAY I PRESENT MR. GOLEN! HE SEEMS TO BE SUFFERING FROM A DELUSION!

WELL, SO YOU'VE CAUGHT HIM AT LAST, BATMAN! GOOD WORK!

I'VE BEEN TRICKED! BATMAN ISN'T BARTLEY!



AND LATER, AT HEADQUARTERS...

YOU SEE, COMMISSIONER... I KNEW BARTLEY, HERE, WAS IN DANGER OF BEING KILLED. AS I HAD DONE MANY TIMES BEFORE ON PREVIOUS CASES, I SENT HIM INTO HIDING AND TOOK OVER HIS IDENTITY... HOPING TO TRAP GOLEN!

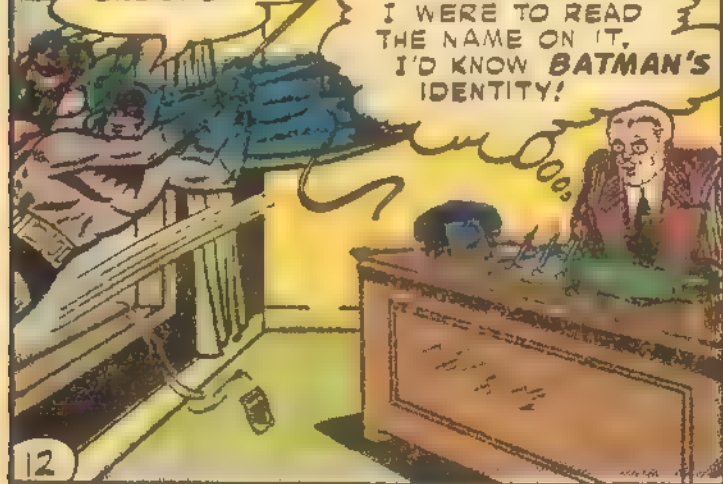
THE DAY YOU PEERED THROUGH THAT TRICK MIRROR, BATMAN WAS USING BARTLEY'S IDENTITY! THAT'S WHAT THREW YOU OFF!



A WEEK LATER...

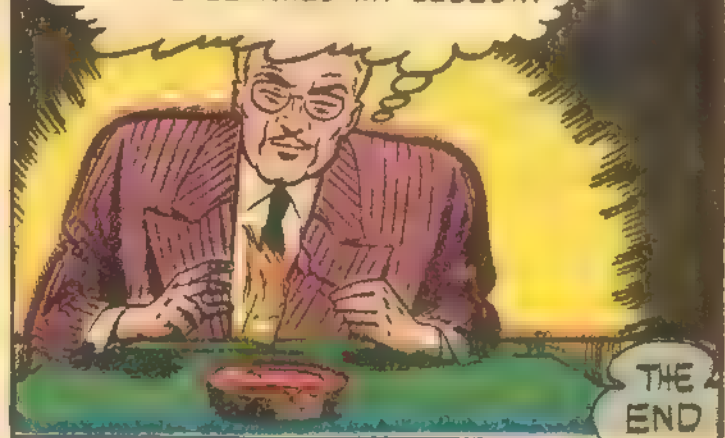
DON'T WORRY, COMMISSIONER... WE'LL NAIL THOSE CROOKS!

THAT PIECE OF PAPER THAT SLIPPED OUT OF BATMAN'S POCKET! WHY, IT'S A BANK DEPOSIT SLIP! IF I WERE TO READ THE NAME ON IT, I'D KNOW BATMAN'S IDENTITY!



BUT THEN...

OH, NO! NEVER AGAIN! IF THERE'S ONE THING I DON'T WANT TO KNOW, IT'S BATMAN'S IDENTITY! I'LL DESTROY MY MIRROR, TOO! I'VE LEARNED MY LESSON!



THE END

# CASE OF THE CROSSED-UP CAR CROOK

ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" ADVENTURE STORY

MY CAR!  
STOP THIEF!

I'LL RUN TO  
THE STATE POLICE  
BARRACKS  
FOR HELP

AND I'LL TAKE THE  
SHORT CUT TO THE  
DRAWBRIDGE. MAYBE  
WE CAN HEAD HIM  
OFF!



JIM WISE TELLS WHY "P-F" CANVAS  
SHOES HELP YOU GO FULL  
SPEED LONGER!

1. THE IMPORTANT "P-F" RIGID WEDGE HELPS KEEP THE WEIGHT OF THE BODY ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE NORMAL FOOT...DECREASING FOOT AND LEG MUSCLE STRAIN, INCREASING ENDURANCE.
2. SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION.



"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION®

SURE GLAD  
JIM WISE TOLD  
US ABOUT  
"P-F's"

THANKS,  
MR. FLYNN,  
THAT WILL  
STOP THE  
STOLEN CAR!



THAT WAS  
MIGHTY FAST  
ACTION,  
BOYS!

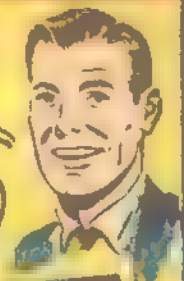
LUCKY WE  
WERE WEARING  
OUR "P-F's"

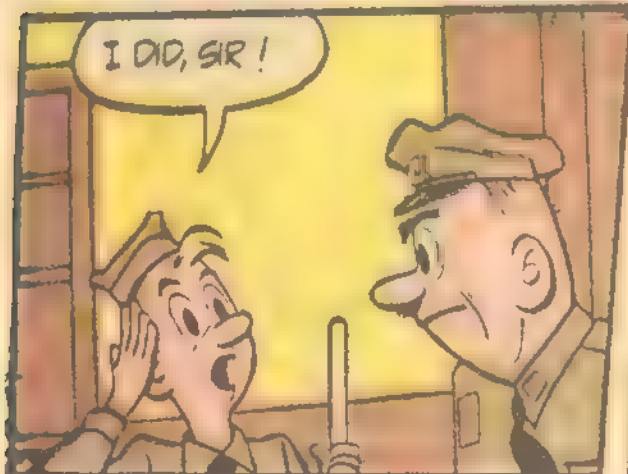
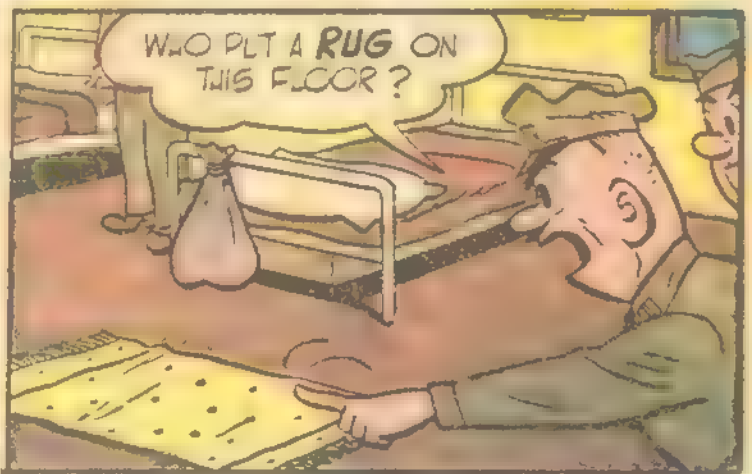
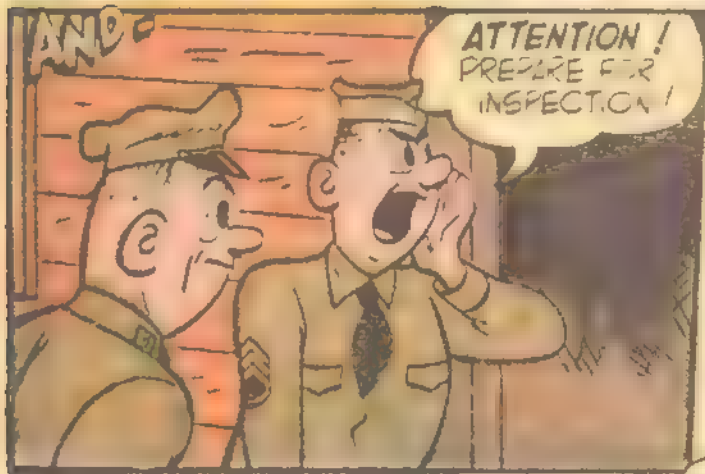
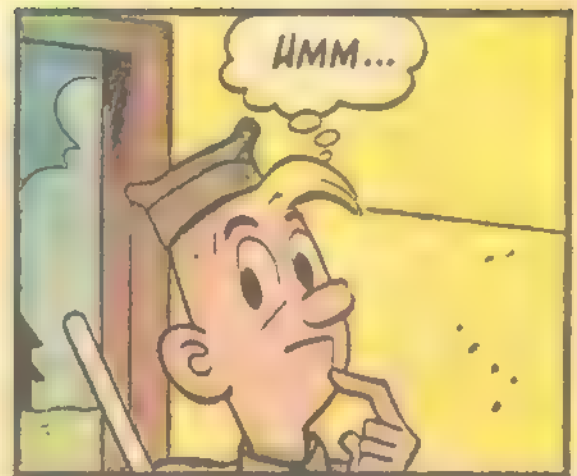
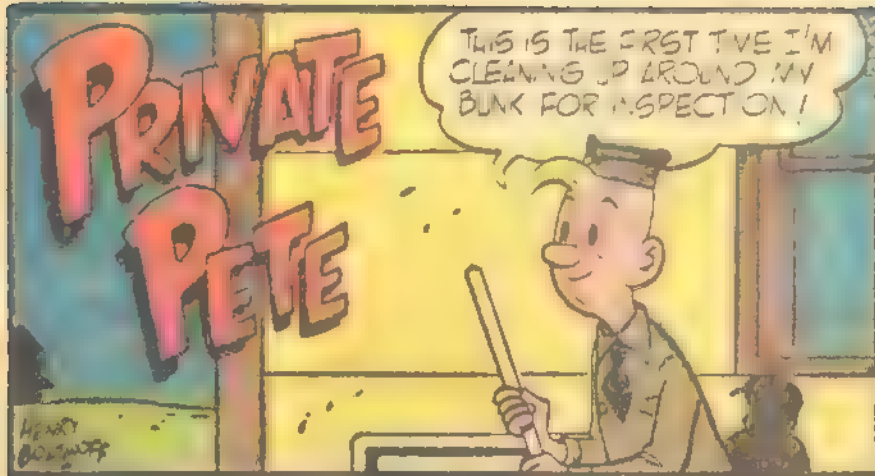
THEY HELPED  
US RUN AT  
OUR BEST  
ALL THE WAY

**TAKE A TIP FROM JIM WISE!**

GET YOUR "P-F" CANVAS  
SHOES TODAY AND SEE  
FOR YOURSELF HOW THEY HELP:

- ...LESSEN FOOT AND  
LEG MUSCLE STRAIN
- ...INCREASE ENDURANCE
- ...YOU GO FULL SPEED  
LONGER





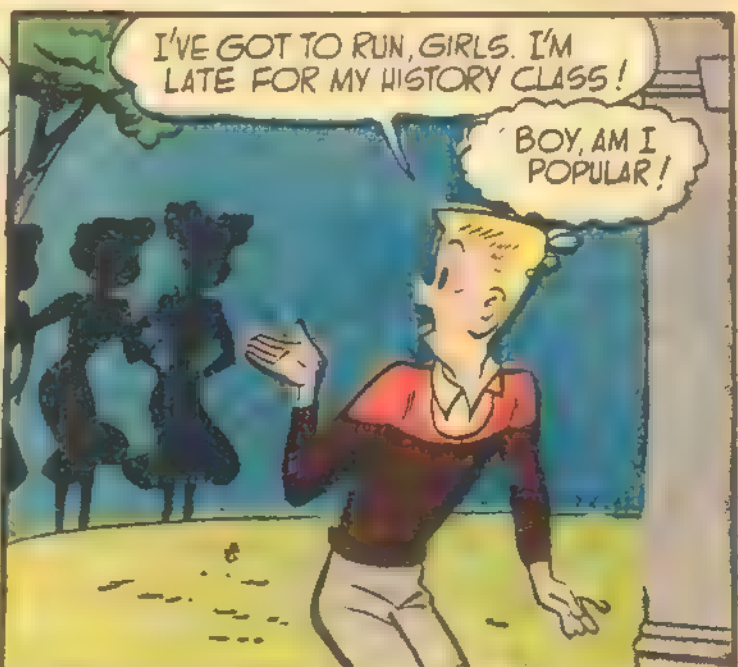
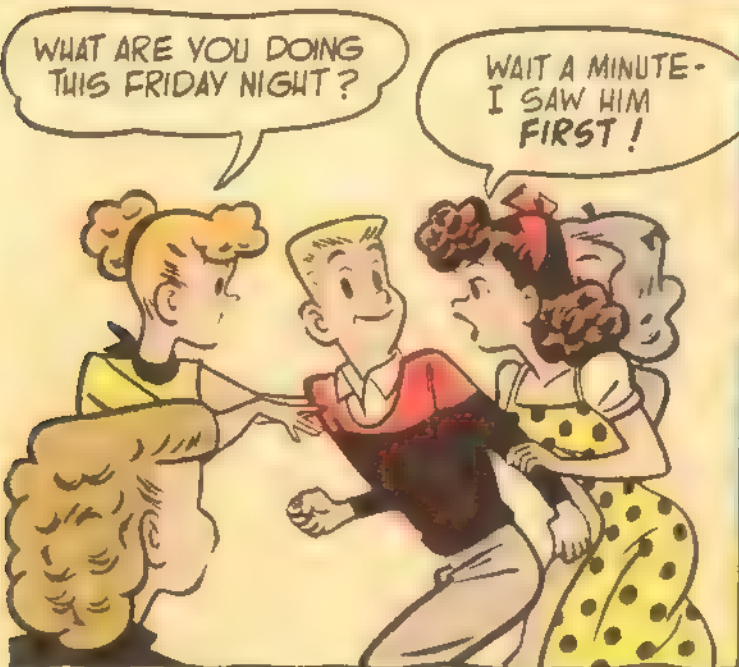
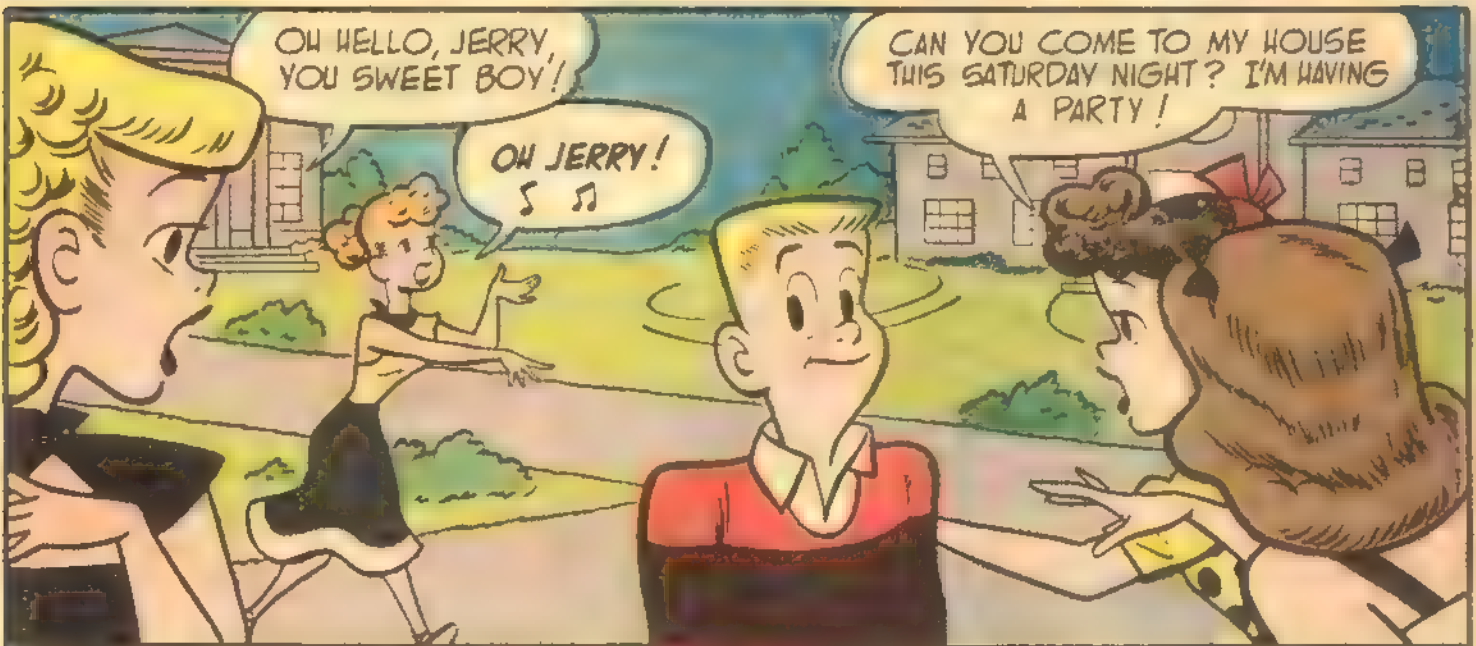
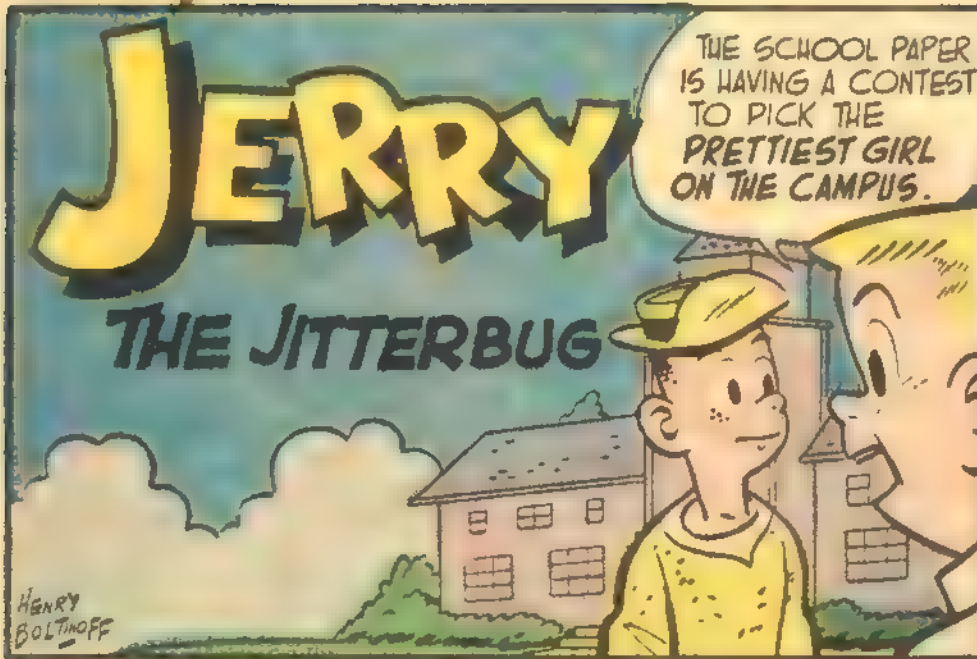
ADVERTISEMENT

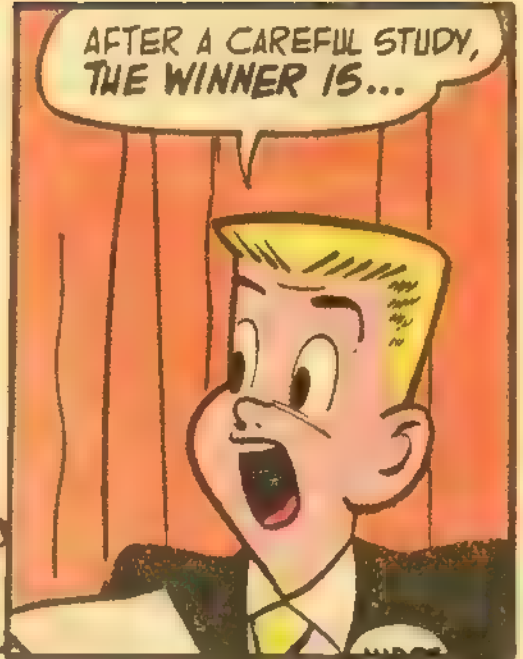
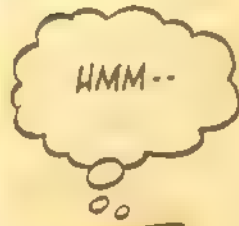
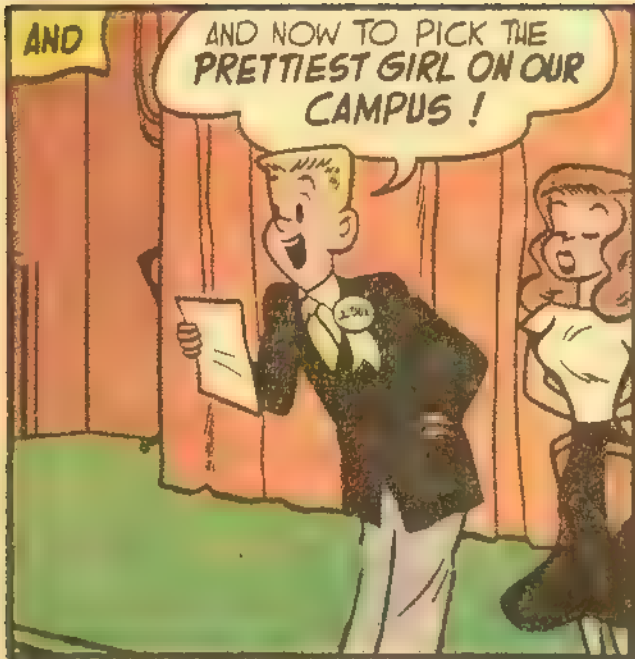


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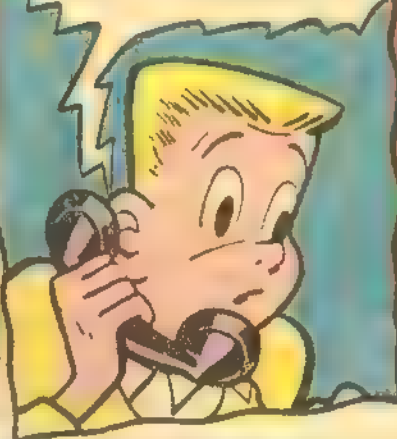




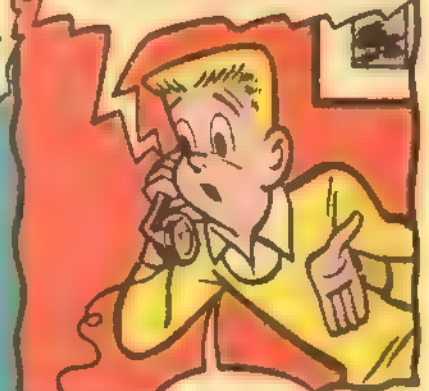


NEXT DAY..

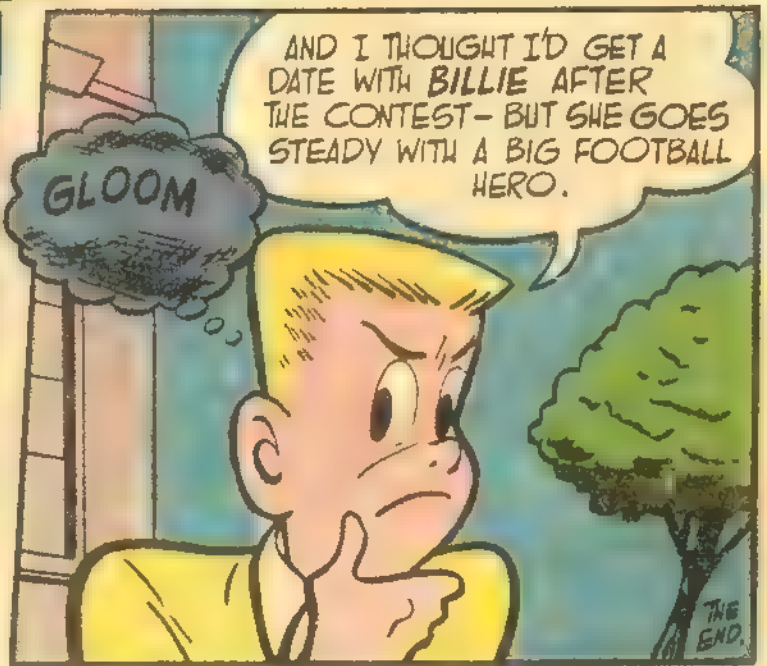
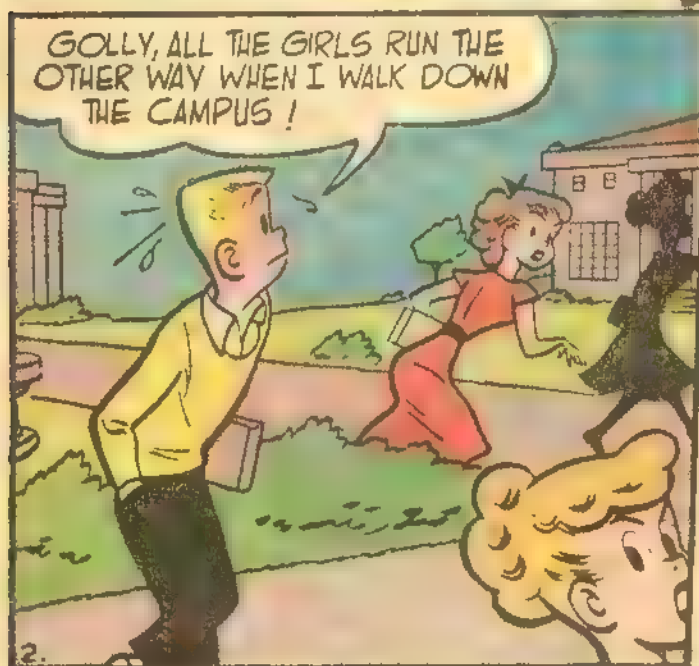
JERRY, THIS IS JOAN. THAT PARTY DATE IS OFF SATURDAY NIGHT. GOODBYE! BANG!



JERRY, I NEVER WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN. GOODBYE!



B-BUT, SUSAN-





# The fantastic story of the Paris Gun

In the Old Soldier's Memory, It Will Always Live As  
One of the Most Daring Military Exploits Ever Made

THE Germans' fabulous Paris gun—the cannon that in World War I lobbed shells into Paris from 75 miles away—is out-of-date now, what with such modern improvements as rockets, pin-point bombing, and guided missiles. But the story of this monster weapon still remains one of the most fascinating chapters in the history of warfare.

Barrages of shells rumbled toward the Allied lines, and in the trenches the sharp explosions of the hand-grenades punctuated the continuous rifle and machine-gun fire. The big push was on! The German High Command knew that it had to win this offensive or lose the war. To gain the victory, it employed every means at its command.

Behind the trenches, well-hidden in the forest of Crepy, was one of its hopes. At 4 A.M. on a cold, grey morning, technicians and crews tending this hope began their duties. Reports sifted into the field weather station—pages of figures on the weight, pressure, and humidity of the air at various altitudes. The experts calculated, and gave orders to the crew.

A long streamlined shell with a number 1 painted on it was slid into the cannon. Silken bags of gunpowder, over six feet each, were shoved into the firing chamber. The breech block was swung shut. GHQ was notified, and shortly afterward issued the one-word order, "Fire!"

At 7:09 A.M. on March 23, 1918, a 120-

foot barrel belched flame and a murderous roar—and from this fury 260 pounds of destruction emerged at a speed of a mile a second, headed towards Paris.

Although artillery officers of the German Army knew that missiles aimed at a target 75 miles distant would be very inaccurate, they were willing to take the chance that one of the shells might explode on the building of the French Ministry of War and destroy valuable maps, plans, and records. Perhaps it would kill some important people. Or maybe it would land on a factory or an ammunition dump near Paris. At the very least, thought the German generals, it would have a spirit-lifting effect on the German warriors and might demoralize the population of Paris and some French soldiers.

The problems in building the gun were immense. It was so long that its muzzle would have drooped unless it was supported by a special girder. Because of the tremendous heat and pressure, the barrel would expand slightly after each shot. Therefore, each shell was forged wider than the last, and numbered so that each would be fired in proper order. After 60 shots or so, the barrel would be worn out, and a new one had to be ready. All these difficulties the Germans overcame in building their super-gun.

It had several names. Officially, it was the *Kaiser Wilhelm Geschutz* (the Kaiser Wilhelm Gun). It was usually called the *Paris Geschultz* (the Paris Gun). The crew named

it the *Pariserin* (the Parisian). But one thing it was never called: Big Bertha. That was the name of a large mortar used by the Germans, and it wasn't until after the war that the Paris gun mistakenly got stuck with a name that wasn't its own.

Clouds of red-orange smoke drifted through the trees after the Paris gun had fired its first shot. Two minutes later, the barrel was still vibrating. Finally, after three and a third minutes of flight, the missile exploded at No. 6 Quai de la Seine in Paris.

Although the house was devastated, no real damage was done to the war effort. At 7:40, the second shell landed, a mile and a half from the first, killing eight Parisians and wounding 15. Twenty-five minutes later, the third shell dropped, and at 8:17, the fourth. Thus the bombardment continued throughout the day, the missiles exploding at an average of one every 15 minutes and forming an irregular pattern of hits around the center of Paris.

Paris was thrown into turmoil. The public thought that an airplane was bombing the city. Newspapers suggested that a German heavy gun had been set up in secret in the forests outside of Paris and was shelling the city from there. But French artillery experts guessed the truth.

By noon, when 24 projectiles had fallen, they were able to see that the pattern of shell holes indicated a line of flight that cut the German lines near the forest of Crepy. Aerial photographs, taken earlier, showed a railroad line leading into the forest. Possibly, thought the French, a giant rail-transported gun was hidden here. Within 30 hours after the first shell landed in Paris, French batteries were firing back at the *Kaiser Wilhelm Geschutz*.

On March 24—Palm Sunday—the shell-

ing began again. Sometimes, two explosions were heard within a one-minute interval; this showed that at least two guns were being used, for the fastest these guns could fire was one round every 10 minutes. Actually—in spite of the German statements that there was only one gun—there were three, but one of them collapsed after only four shots.

On Sunday, the impact area of the shells averaged 2.4 miles closer to the German lines than Saturday's area—evidence that the Paris guns, like all big guns, were beginning to wear out quickly. During the week, the Germans slowed up the shelling in order to preserve the gun barrels as long as possible. On Good Friday, they made their only major hit when a shell struck a church and killed 88 worshippers.

Meanwhile, the German offensive was moving up, and the monster guns twice moved up with it, until they were shelling the French capital from a distance of only 56 miles. Then the tide turned, and the cannon had to retreat with the Germans. Soon, the Germans were retreating so rapidly that the Paris guns were more trouble than they were worth. On August 7, they fired their last shots.

Since March 23, they had fired 367 shells, killing just over 300 people but causing almost no damage to the French war effort. The main thing that they did for the Germans was to teach them a super-lesson in gunnery, for each gun was so big and threw its shell so far that many factors which are disregarded in aiming smaller cannon had to be watched. Today, however, results far more accurate than those the Paris gun got can be obtained through more modern methods. But the *Kaiser Wilhelm Geschutz* will always live in the soldier's memory as one of the most daring military experiments ever made!

Enter here - **DARE!**  
Enter if you

Unlock the  
forbidding  
portals of the

# HOUSE of MYSTERY

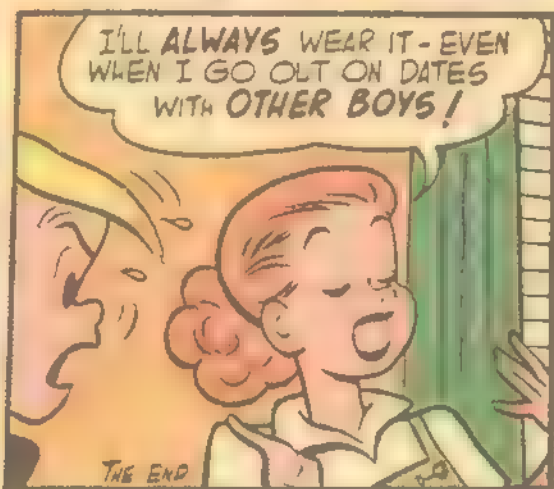
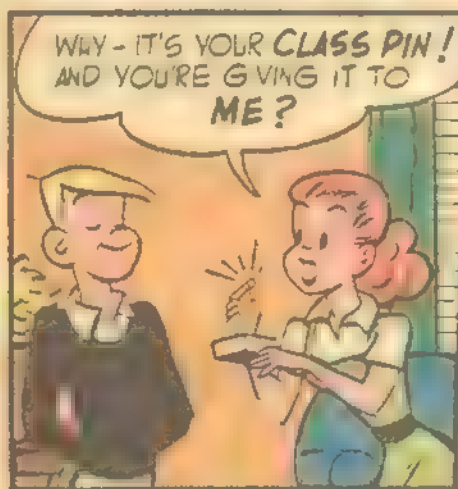
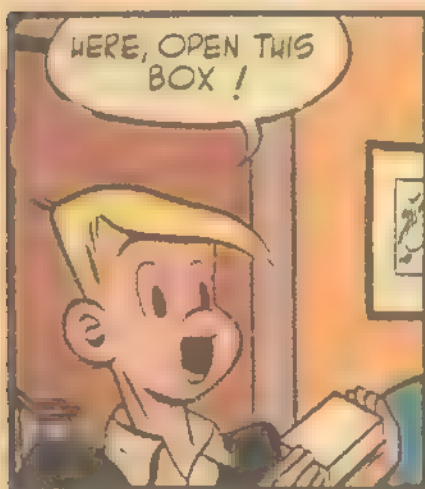
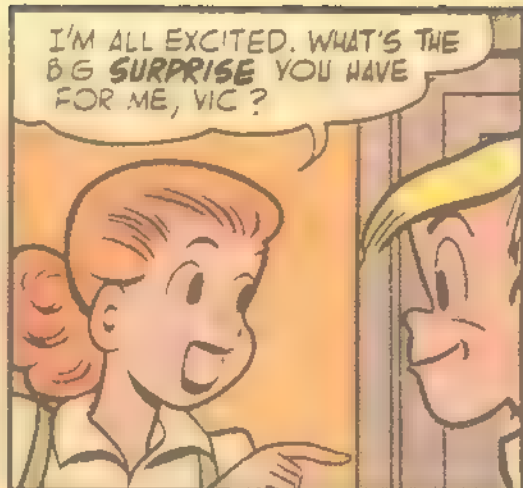
and  
learn the  
secrets  
of the

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SUPERNATURAL  
and UNCANNY!**



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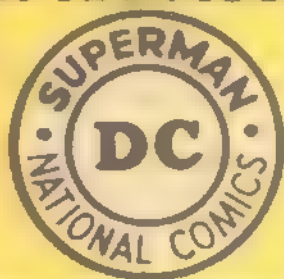
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CAN YOU IMAGINE BATMAN AND ROBIN AGREEING NOT TO BOTHER CERTAIN GANGSTERS? CAN YOU GUESS WHY NOTORIOUS CRIMINALS ARE VANISHING INTO THE AIR WHILE THEIR CRIMES GROW EVER MORE PLENTYFUL? THE TWO ROGUES ARE LINKED, AS THE DYNAMIC DUO TURNS LIGHTNING BOLTS AND SUPPLE MUSCLES TO THE TASK OF SOLVING THE GRIM AND PERILOUS MYSTERY BEHIND...

# BATMAN

## ROBIN

THE BOY KNIGHT

"the MASK of MR. CIPHER!"





# BATMAN



ONE EVENING, IN THE HEART OF GOTHAM CITY'S THEATRE DISTRICT...

THEY'RE BATMAN AND ROBIN! WHAT ARE THEY DOING? PLUGGING THE SHOW?

NO... THEY'RE STAGING ONE OF THEIR OWN... AND IT'S REAL! SEE THOSE BANDITS RUNNING OUT OF THAT TICKET AGENCY!

TICKET AGENCY

1

2

**SMACK!**

WOW! LOOK AT THEM SAIL IN! THOSE CROOKS HAVEN'T A CHANCE!

YEAH! WHAT A TEAM!

3 BUT JUST THEN, ONE OF THE GUNMEN FLASHES A LITTLE METAL DISC IN THE PALM OF HIS HAND, AND...

PSST! I CAN'T AFFORD TROUBLE WITH THE LAW RIGHT NOW, BATMAN!

HUH? OKAY... GET SET TO LAW!

ABRUPTLY

I'LL SHOW YOU... OOPS! SORRY, ROBIN... I GOT TRAPPED!

GOOD GRIEF! I'VE NEVER SEEN BATMAN BLUNDER LIKE THAT BEFORE!

COME ON GUYS... MAKE IT FAST!

IMAGINE... THEY HAD THE ROBBERS, THEN LOST THEM THROUGH A CLUMSY ACCIDENT!

ACCIDENT, MY FOOT! IT'S HAPPENED BEFORE! THERE'S TALK ABOUT BATMAN LETTING CERTAIN CROOKS ESCAPE IF THEY PAY HIM ENOUGH!

Cafe

LATER, AS BATMAN AND ROBIN RESUME THEIR EVERYDAY SENTINEL DUTIES AS SOCIALITE BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON...

...IT IS RUMORED THAT BATMAN IS IN THE EMPLOY OF VARIOUS GANGSTERS WHO PAY HIM WELL TO LET THEM GO FREE!

YES... WE'LL HAVE TO DO IT MORE CAREFULLY, DICK!

WE SURE GOT OURSELVES INTO SOMETHING WHEN WE AGREED TO FALL DOWN ON AN OCCASIONAL JOB

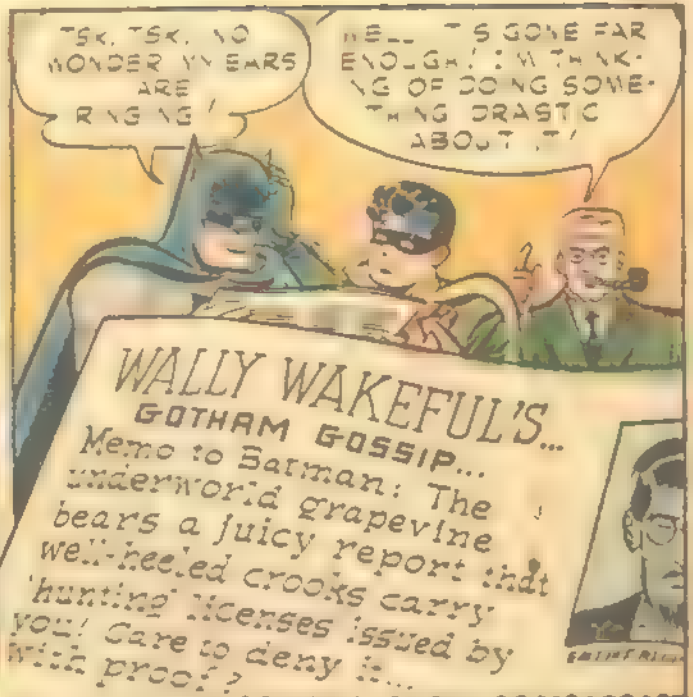
WHAT'S THIS? CAN THE RUMORS POSSIBLY BE SO?

NEXT DAY, IN COMMISS OVER GORDON'S OFFICE



WHAT'S  
YEA,  
COMMISS OVER?

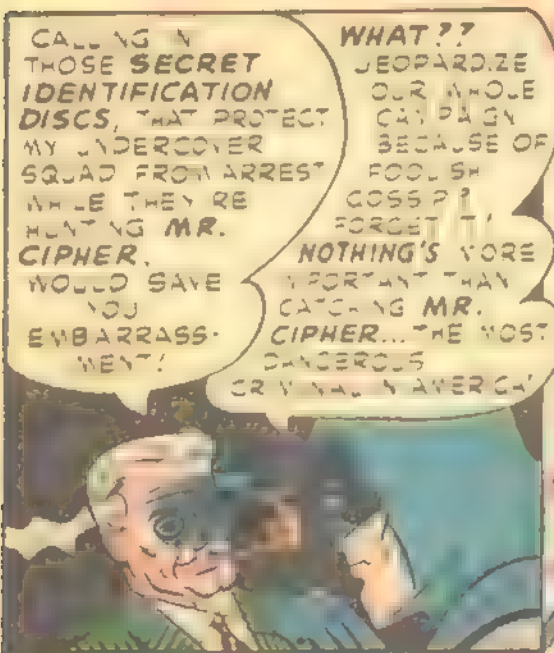
THESE LETTERS FROM CITIZENS  
BATMAN. DEMAND NO THAT?  
REPLICATE YOU BECAUSE  
OF YOUR REVISED FRIEND-  
SHIP WITH CRIMINALS... AND  
THIS TEM VALLY  
WAKEFUL'S COLUMN!



TSK, TSK. NO  
WONDER YEARS  
ARE  
RINGING!

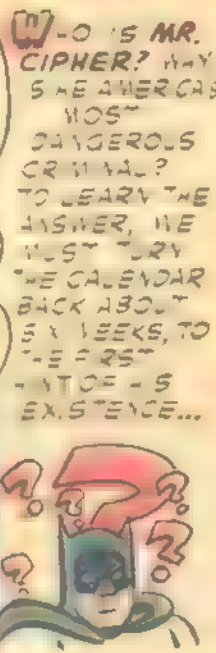
HELL - IT'S GONE FAR  
ENOUGH! I'M THINK-  
ING OF DOING SOME-  
THING DRASTIC  
ABOUT IT!

**WALLY WAKEFUL'S...**  
**GOTHAM GOSSIP...**  
Memo to Batman: The  
underworld grapevine  
bears a juicy report that  
well-heeled crooks carry  
'hunting' licenses issued by  
you! Care to deny it...  
with proof?

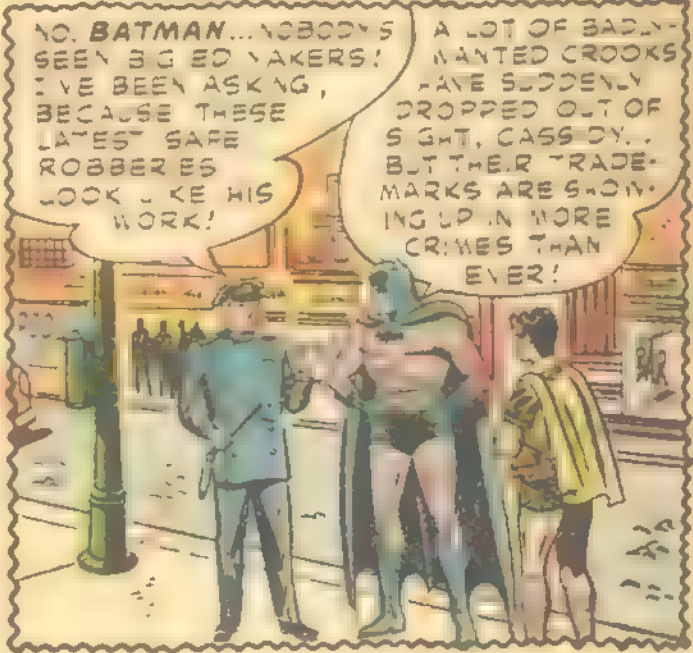


CALLING IN  
THOSE SECRET  
IDENTIFICATION  
DISCS, THAT PROTECT  
MY UNDERCOVER  
SQUAD FROM ARREST  
WHILE THEY'RE  
HUNTING MR.  
CIPHER.  
WOULD SAVE  
YOU  
EMBARRASS-  
MENT!

WHAT??  
JEOPARDIZE  
OUR WHOLE  
CAMPAIGN  
BECAUSE OF  
FOOLISH  
GOSSIP?  
FORGET IT!  
NOTHING'S MORE  
IMPORTANT THAN  
CATCHING MR.  
CIPHER... THE MOST  
DANGEROUS  
CRIMINAL IN AMERICA!

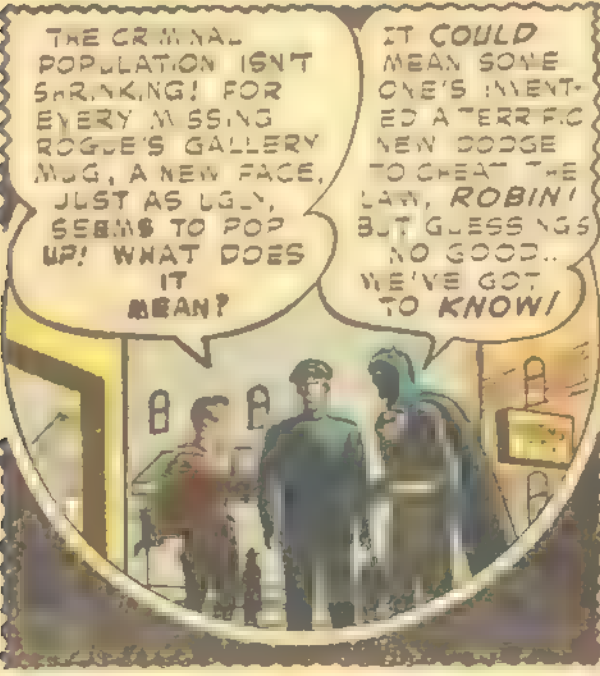


WHO IS MR.  
CIPHER? WHY  
SHE AMERICAS  
MOST  
DANGEROUS  
CRIMINAL?  
TO LEARN THE  
ANSWER, WE  
MUST TRY  
THE CALENDAR  
BACK ABOUT  
SIX WEEKS, TO  
THE FIRST  
EVIDENCE OF HIS  
EXISTENCE...



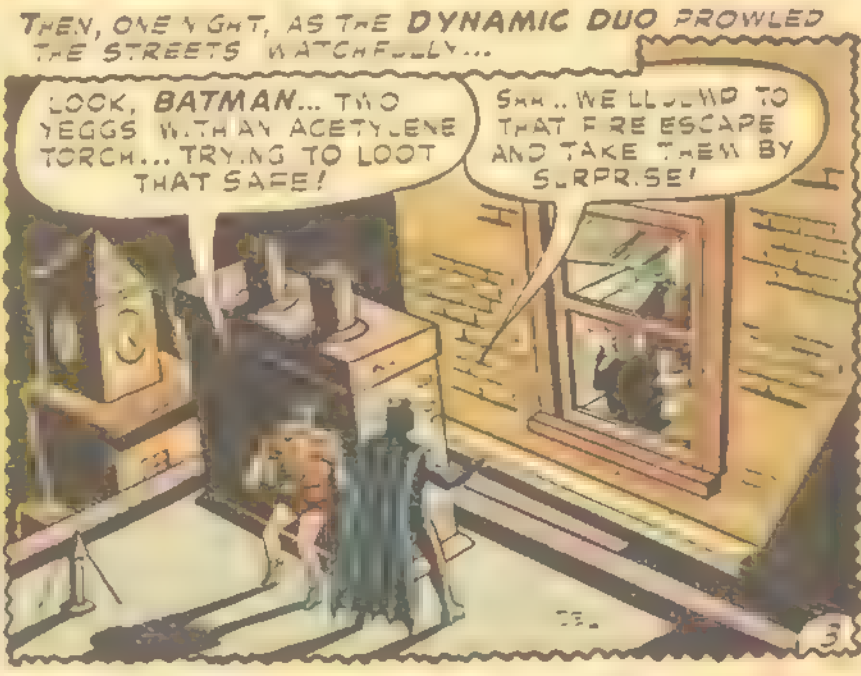
NO, BATMAN... NOBODY'S  
SEEN BIG EDDY MAKERS!  
I'VE BEEN ASKING,  
BECAUSE THESE  
LATEST SAFE  
ROBBERIES  
LOOK LIKE HIS  
WORK!

A LOT OF BADLY-  
WANTED CROOKS  
HAVE SUDDENLY  
DROPPED OUT OF  
SIGHT, CASSIDY...  
BUT THEIR TRADE-  
MARKS ARE SHOW-  
ING UP IN MORE  
CRIMES THAN  
EVER!



THE CRIMINAL  
POPULATION ISN'T  
SHRINKING! FOR  
EVERY MISSING  
ROGUE'S GALLERY  
MUG, A NEW FACE,  
JUST AS UGLY,  
SEEMS TO POP  
UP! WHAT DOES  
IT  
MEAN?

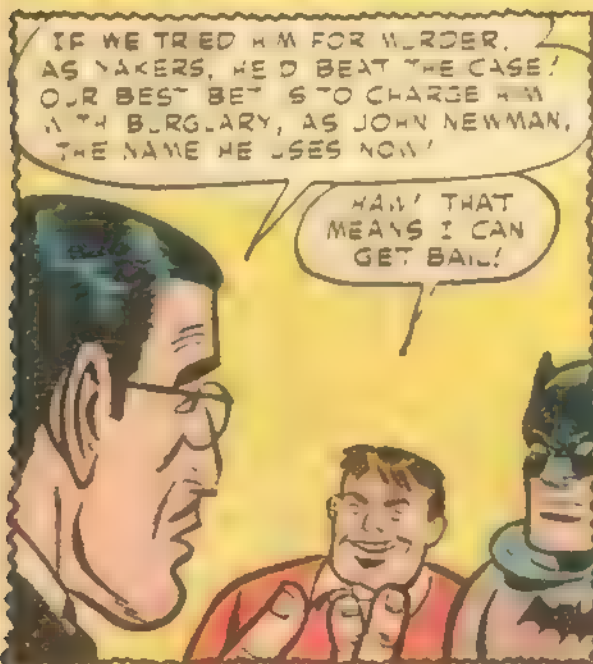
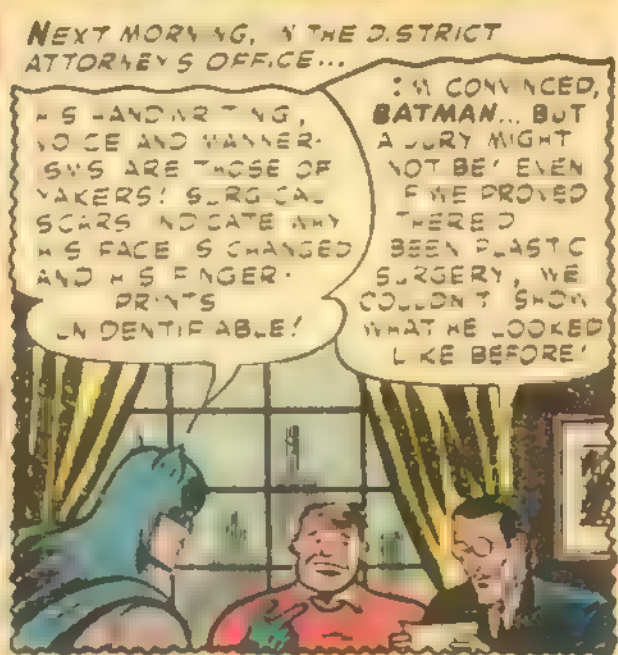
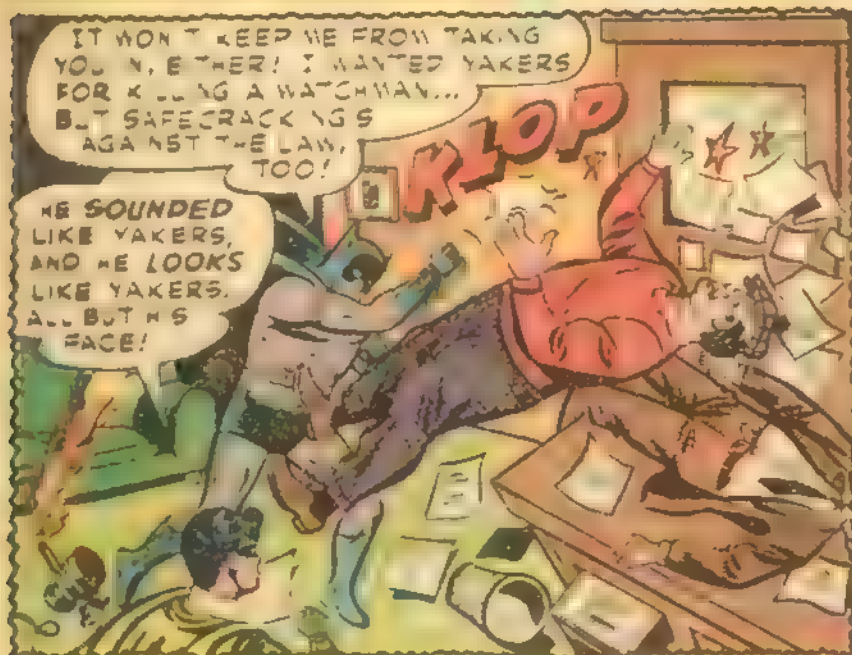
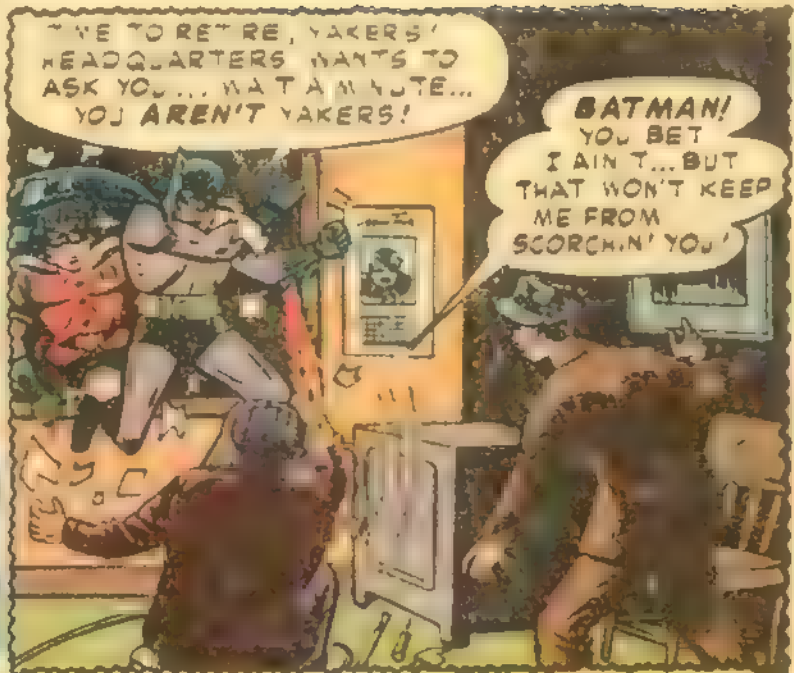
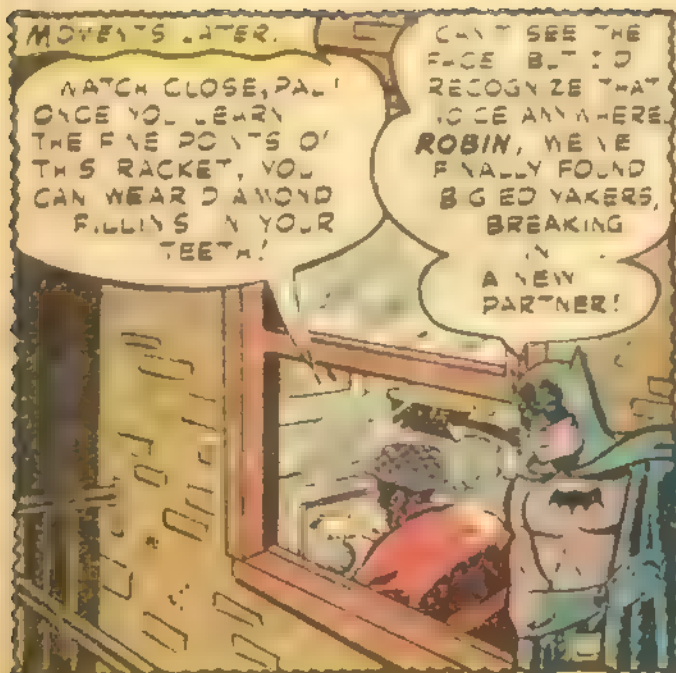
IT COULD  
MEAN SOME  
ONE'S INVENT-  
ED A TERRIFIC  
NEW DODGE  
TO CHEAT THE  
LAW, ROBIN!  
BUT GLESSINGS  
NO GOOD...  
WE'VE GOT  
TO KNOW!



THEN, ONE NIGHT, AS THE DYNAMIC DUO PROWLED  
THE STREETS WATCHFULLY...

LOOK, BATMAN... TWO  
YEGGS WITH AN ACETYLENE  
TORCH... TRYING TO LOOT  
THAT SAFE!

SAH... WE'LL GO TO  
THAT FIRE ESCAPE  
AND TAKE THEM BY  
SURPRISE!



PRESENTLY, IN A HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM

YEAH, I'M YAKERS... I KILLED THE WATCHMAN... AN I'M TALKIN'... 'CAUSE MR. CIPHER DON'T TRUST ME... TRIED TO SHUT ME UP! I PAID HIM PLENTY... FOR NEW FACE NEW FINGERPRINTS... EVERY- THING... LIKE OTHER... HOT CROOKS ARE DOIN'...

MR. CIPHER? WHO'S HE? WHERE DOES HE HANG OUT?



NOBODY KNOWS! YOU GO TO HIS PLACE BLINDFOLDED! NEVER... SEE HIS FACE... ONLY CRAZY MASK...



THAT'S ALL... HE'S GONE!



AND THAT WAS HOW BATMAN FIRST HEARD OF MR. CIPHER, AND OF A MASTER PLOT TO BEAT THE LAW...

IMMEDIATELY, COMMISSIONER GORDON SUMMONED EXPERTS TO HELP PLAN A SECRET STRATEGY...

NEW CROOKS FOR OLD! A WAD INCREDIBLE IDEA... AND IT WORKS! WONDER HOW MANY HAVE ALREADY CHANGED THEIR FACES AND BEGUN NEW CRIMINAL CAREERS... AS SAFE FROM PAST CRIMES AS IF THEY WERE DEAD?

AND ABLE TO CHANGE AGAIN, TOO, AS OFTEN AS NECESSARY!



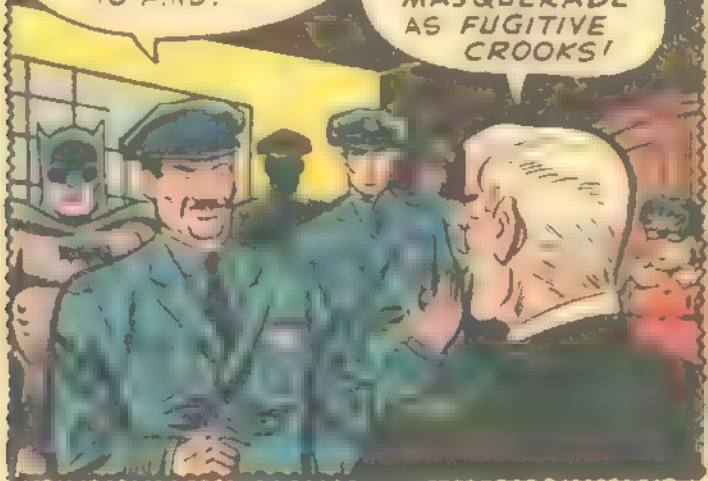
GENTLEMEN, THERE'S NO SURE WAY TO PROVE, FROM A MAN'S FEATURES ALONE, EXACTLY HOW HE LOOKED BEFORE EXTENSIVE PLASTIC SURGERY! SUCH A SURGERY CAN EVEN ERASE FINGERPRINTS!

THEN BESIDES NABBING MR. CIPHER, WE'LL NEED HIS RECORDS TO LINK HIS CLIENTS WITH THEIR FORMER SELVES... AND THEIR CRIMES!



ORDINARY POLICE METHODS ARE OUT, COMMISSIONER! ONCE MR. CIPHER KNOWS WE'RE WISE, THERE'LL BE NO RECORDS TO FIND!

I KNOW, INSPECTOR! I'M COUNTING ON BATMAN... AND TEN PICKED UNDERCOVER AGENTS, TRAINED TO MASQUERADE AS FUGITIVE CROOKS!



AND SINCE THE UNDERCOVER MEN MAY NOT LOOK THE SAME AFTER MEETING MR. CIPHER, EACH WILL HAVE THIS SPECIAL 'LUCKY COIN' TO IDENTIFY HIMSELF TO BATMAN AND THE POLICE!

MEN WHO MAY SACRIFICE THEIR OLD FAMILIAR FACES IN THE LINE OF DUTY, BESIDES RISKING THEIR LIVES, DESERVE ALL THE GOOD LUCK THEY CAN GET!



ALL THIS HAS BEEN GOING ON... BUT TODAY, THE BATTLE IS FAR FROM FINISHED.

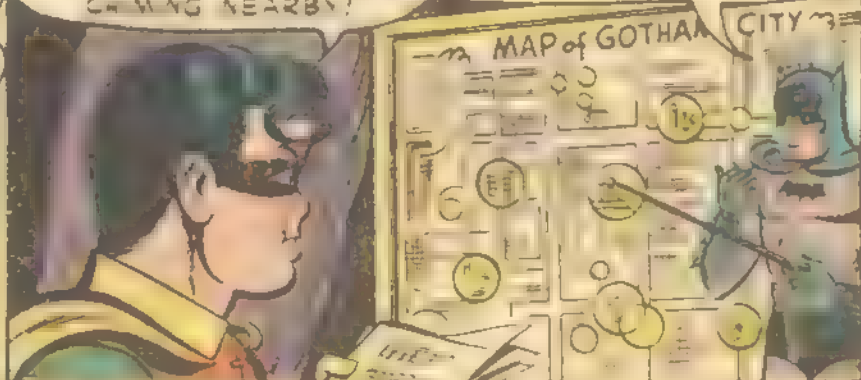
BELIEVE ME, BATMAN, I'M GLAD YOU'RE STUCK! I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE FED UP WITH GETTING NO RESULTS EXCEPT A BAD NAME!

WE ARE COMMISSIONER BUT WE CAN MAKE SENSE OUT OF THE FEW CLUES WE HAVE AND HEARTED MR. CIPHER'S TRANSFORMATION. IT WILL BE WORTH AN AVALANCH OF TEMPORARY GRIEF!

LATER, IN THE SECRET BAT CAVE, WHOLE CLUES ARE STUDIED PAINTAKINGLY.

EACH OF THE UNDERCOVER MEN WHO WAS TAKEN BLIND-FOLDED TO MR. CIPHER'S PLACE REPORTED BUMPY STREETS, RAILROAD NOISES, AND A BIG CLOCK CHIMING NEARBY!

THIS MESSY-ONS AREA WHERE OLD PAINTERS' TRANS AND CLOCKS ARE CLOSE TOGETHER! TROUBLE IS THEY COVER HALF OF GOTHAM CITY!



THE ONLY OTHER CLUE A SMELL OF LILACS... EVEN TOUGHER! PLACS ARE SCORCE IN DE THE CITY LINTS!

THEY'RE ALSO OUT OF SEASON! BUT A SPECIAL CHEMICAL, CALLED TERPINEOL, HAS THE SAME ODOOR, AND IS USED TO MAKE A LOT OF COMMERICAL PRODUCTS SMELL BETTER! HERE'S A LIST OF SOME OF THEM!

SOAPS, COSMETICS... SOME PLASTIC AND PAPER MACHÉ ARTICLES GLUE... GLUED LABELS. WHY, HUNDREDS OF BUSINESSES MAKE, USE OR SELL THOSE THINGS!

THOUSANDS. ROBIN... BUT WE CAN SKIP MOST OF THEM! YOU CARRY ON THE RESEARCH WHILE I INVESTIGATE A FEW KEY ONES AND TRY TO AVOID FURTHER BAD LUCK WITH GOOD-LUCK CONS!



SPEAKING OF THE CONS... ONE OF THEM HAS ALREADY BACKERED! FOR AT THAT MOMENT, A MR. CIPHER'S HIDEOUT.

I'VE HEARD THE TALK, JOE! ALSO, I REALIZE UNDERCOVER COPS MIGHT CARRY SOME SUCH IDENTIFICATION! PUT JOE ON ICE, BOYS! I'LL MAKE UP MY MIND ABOUT HIM!

SURE, MR. CIPHER! USED IT TO MAKE BATMAN PAY OFF! JUST VE PLenty TOO! AND YOU HEARD BATMAN'S WILLY TO BE FRIENDLY IF YOU GOT THE PRICE!

AFTERWARD...

GEE, MR. CIPHER... FLOES A STOOLE, THERE MUST BE OTHERS!

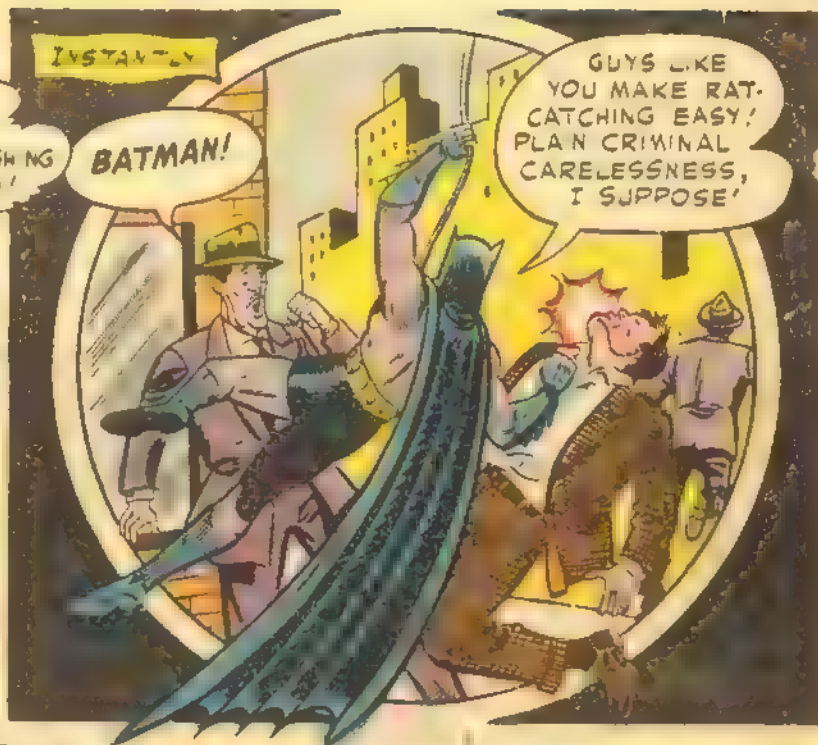
RIGHT, PINK... AND WE'LL GET THEM ALL! MEANWHILE, SINCE THIS CON YEARS SOME-THING TO BATMAN, MIGHT BE JUST THE GUY WHO CAN TRAP HIM!



AND SO, LATER, AS BATMAN INSPECTS POSSIBLE DEOTS...



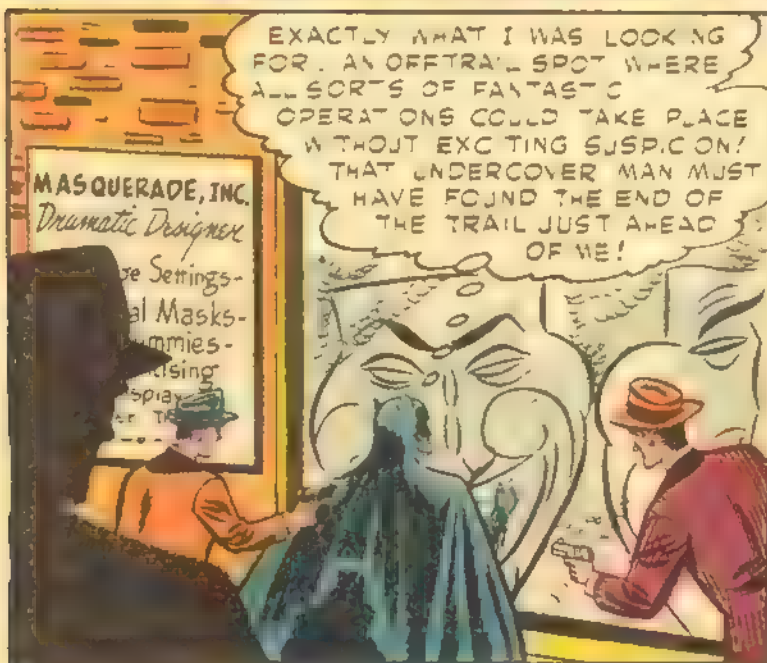
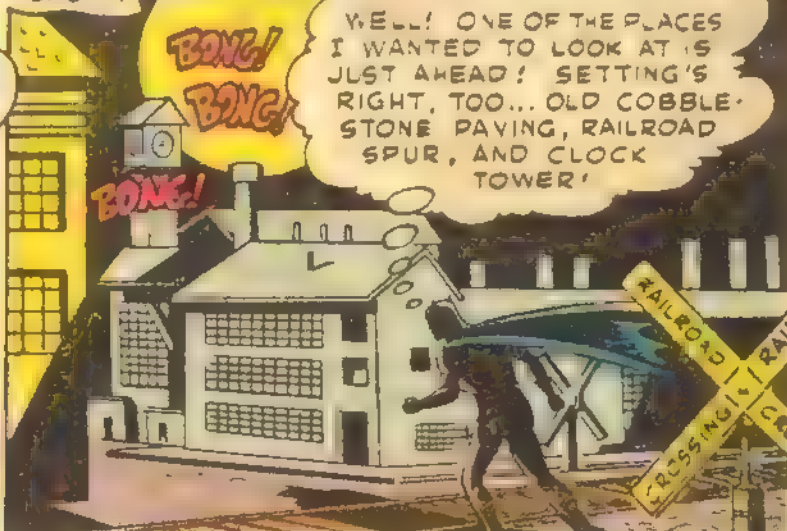
INSTANTLY



BUT JUST THEN...



SOON AFTER, AS BATMAN APPROACHES THE MEETING SPOT...



SUDDENLY...



**BOUND AND UNFOLDED, LED THROUGH A MAZE OF PASSAGES, THE CAPED LAWMAN FACES HIS FOE AT LAST!**

THANKS FOR SURRENDERING PEACEFULLY, **BATMAN!** NOW YOU CAN TELL ME WHAT POLICE SPES CARRY THESE CON BADGES IN THE UNDERWORLD!

SO YOU'RE **MR. CIPHER**, AND THIS IS WHERE YOU DO YOUR DIRTY WORK! I WOULDN'T THINK OF HELPING T ALONG BY TELLING YOU ANYTHING ... EVEN IF I KNEW!

NOT CO-OPERATIVE, EH? PERHAPS IF I CAN GET **ROBIN** HERE, WITH THE AID OF YOUR BELT RADIO, YOU'LL RECONSIDER! **ROBIN! CALLING ROBIN!**

CAN'T LET **ROBIN** BE TRAPPED, TOO! BESIDES, SOME-ONE HAS TO WARN THE UNDERCOVER MEN THAT **MR. CIPHER'S** AFTER THEM!

**AND IN THE BAT-CAVE**

ALL OF A SUDDEN, A FAMILIAR VOICE CUTS IN, AND...

MY BELT RADIO! BUT THAT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE **BATMAN!**

WHO'S CALLING?

... **ROBIN**, THIS IS **MR. CIPHER**! I'VE CAPTURED **BATMAN**! YOU CAN SAVE HIS LIFE BY BEING AT **BRIDGE AND CROSS STREETS** ... ALONE ... WITH- IN HALF AN HOUR!

**SIGNAL ZERO, ROBIN! HURRY! AND DON'T COME HERE! MR. CIPHER WILL ONLY... UH-H-H... WHOP... THAT'LL SHUT HIM UP!**

**BATMAN! WHERE...?**

THEY SLUGGED HIM! BUT HIS MESSAGE... **SIGNAL ZERO...** MEANS THE UNDERCOVER MEN ARE IN DANGER!

OKAY, **CIPHER!**

WHAT CAN I DO? **BATMAN'S** LIFE IS AT STAKE... BUT I'VE GOT TO SEE THAT **SIGNAL ZERO** IS BROADCAST FROM COMMISSIONER GORDON'S OFFICE IMMEDIATELY! ... I'D BETTER NOT EVEN LISTEN TO ANYTHING ELSE!

... SPEAK UP, **ROBIN!** DON'T YOU CARE WHETHER **BATMAN** LIVES OR...

**CLICK**

**AND AT MR. CIPHER'S HIDEOUT...**

NO ANSWER! HE MAY COME... BUT... BUT I WISH WE'D SLUGGED **BATMAN** BEFORE HE MENTIONED **SIGNAL ZERO**, WHATEVER THAT MEANS! PINK, YOU WATCH FOR **ROBIN**! MARTY, WARN ALL MOB LEADERS ABOUT SPIES! TELL THEM TO RUB OUT EVERYBODY... EVERYBODY... WHO HAS ONE OF THOSE LUCKY CONS!

MEANWHILE, AT HEADQUARTERS...

**SIGNAL ZERO!**  
BATMAN SAYS HURRY,  
COMMISSIONER! HE'S  
A PRISONER...  
MR. CIPHER MUST  
KNOW ABOUT THE  
UNDERCOVER  
MEN!

EH? GREAT SCOTT!  
WE'VE GOT TO SAVE  
BATMAN...AND MY  
AGENTS IN THE  
UNDERWORLD!



MOMENTS LATER ELECTRONIC TUBES HUM  
WITH POWER, SENDING AN URGENT WARNING  
TO OPERATIVES ALL OVER THE CITY...

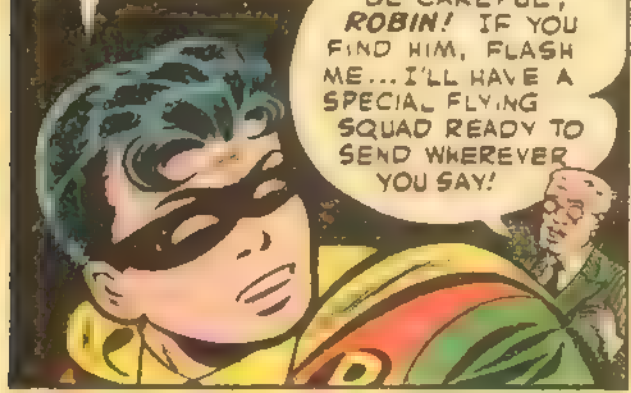
EVERYONE OF  
THE GOOD-LUCK  
COINS SHOULD BE  
BUZZING NOW... LIKE  
THIS ONE ... BECAUSE  
OF THE TINY RECEIVER  
INSIDE IT!

WE CAN'T DO  
ANY MORE! NOW,  
WHAT ABOUT  
BATMAN? DO YOU  
KNOW WHERE HE  
IS? SHALL I  
SEND RAIDERS  
TO R P THE UNDER-  
WORLD APART?



DON'T DO ANYTHING! I'M TO GO  
TO A CERTAIN PLACE...ALONE! IT'S  
A TRAP, BUT MAYBE I CAN LOCATE  
BATMAN... IF HE'S STILL ALIVE...  
WITHOUT GETTING CAUGHT!  
ANYWAY, I'VE  
GOT TO TRY!

I UNDERSTAND!  
BE CAREFUL,  
ROBIN! IF YOU  
FIND HIM, FLASH  
ME...I'LL HAVE A  
SPECIAL FLYING  
SQUAD READY TO  
SEND WHEREVER  
YOU SAY!

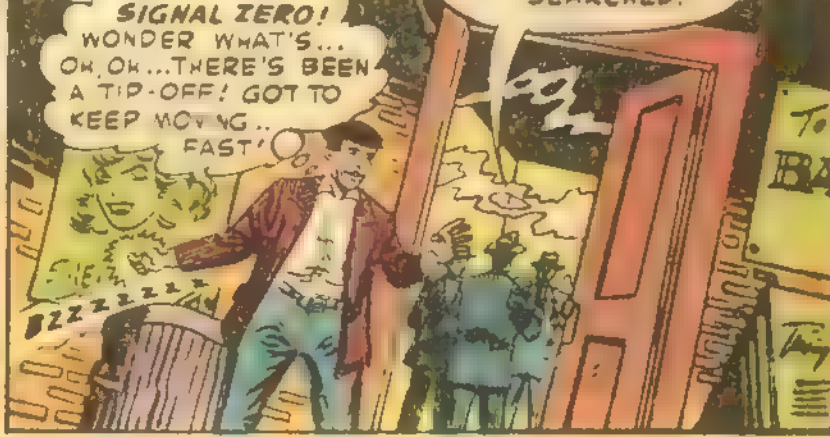


AND AS THE ELECTRIC IMPULSES  
BLANKET GOTHAM CITY...



**SIGNAL ZERO!**  
WONDER WHAT'S...  
OH, OH...THERE'S BEEN  
A TIP-OFF! GOT TO  
KEEP MOVING...  
FAST!

LINE UP, BOYS... WE  
GOT STOOLIES!  
EVERYBODY GETS  
SEARCHED!



IN A POOLROOM, WHEN MR. CIPHER'S ORDERS ARE RECEIVED.

JUST A FRIENDLY  
ONCE-OVER, MEN!  
ANYBODY THAT AIN'T  
GOT A GOOD-LUCK  
COIN IN HIS POCKET  
DON'T NEED TO  
WORRY!

THAT'S NO COMFORT TO  
ME!...MUST THINK FAST!

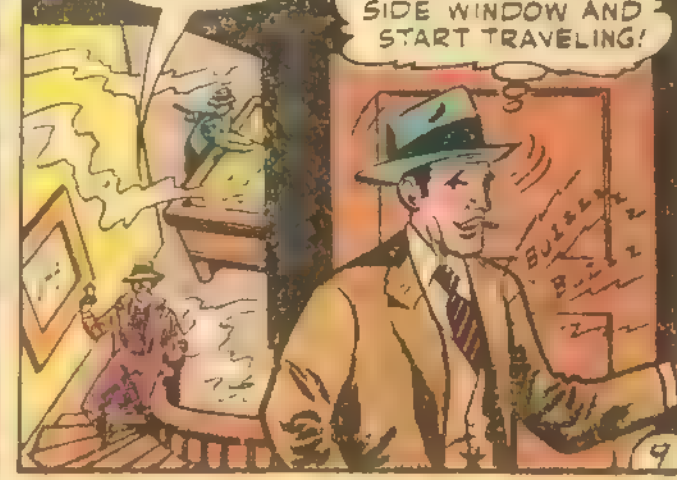
WHAT ABOUT NICK AN'  
SMOKY, UPSTAIRS?  
THEY BEEN ACTIN'  
MYSTERIOUS  
LATELY!



THEY HAVE,  
HUN? GET  
'EM LEFTY...  
BUT DON'T TELL  
'EM WHAT'S  
UP!

I'LL SEND 'EM  
RIGHT  
DOWN!

THEN I'LL GO  
RIGHT OUT THE  
SIDE WINDOW AND  
START TRAVELING!



MEANWHILE AS ROBIN REACHES THE FATAL MEETING PLACE

"HERE'S MY RECEPTION COMMITTEE! ALL I CAN DO'S WATCH AND FOLLOW THEM! BUT... THOSE MASKS IN THE WINDOW... THEY'RE MADE OF PAPIER MACHÉ, WHICH HAS A GUEY SMELL TILL IT'S SPRAYED WITH TERPINEOL TO GIVE 'EM THE ODOR OF... LILACS!"



IT MUST BE MR. CIPHER'S HIDEOUT! BATMAN MUST HAVE BEEN CAUGHT WHEN HE SPOTTED IT FROM THE CLUES HE MENTIONED TO ME! I'LL CALL THE POLICE... BUT I'LL TRY TO GET IN AHEAD OF THEM, IN CASE BATMAN'S STILL ALIVE!



WHILE INSIDE THE HIDEOUT...

THE SPY HUNT SHOULD HAVE STARTED BY NOW, BATMAN! THESE CONS WILL EXPOSE MOST OF YOUR SNOOPER PALS, WHETHER OR NOT ROBIN SHOWS UP!

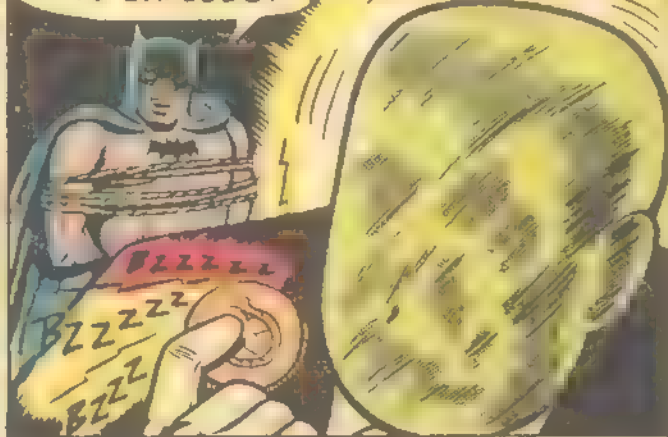
IF ROBIN GOT MY MESSAGE, SIGNAL ZERO SHOULD BE ON THE AIR ANY SECOND! HOPE IT STARTLES THESE TWO LONG ENOUGH TO THROW THEM OFF GUARD!



NEXT INSTANT...

GREAT SCOTT...THE WARNING SOUND FROM THE CON! LOOK OUT, CIPHER...IT'S ABOUT TO EXPLODE!

HUH?



AND IN THE SPLIT-SECOND CONFUSION, THE "EXPLOSION" COMES... AS THE LAW-MAN'S VIGILANT MUSCLES UNCOIL LIKE TENSED STEEL SPRINGS!

A BIG EXPLOSION... LIKE THIS!

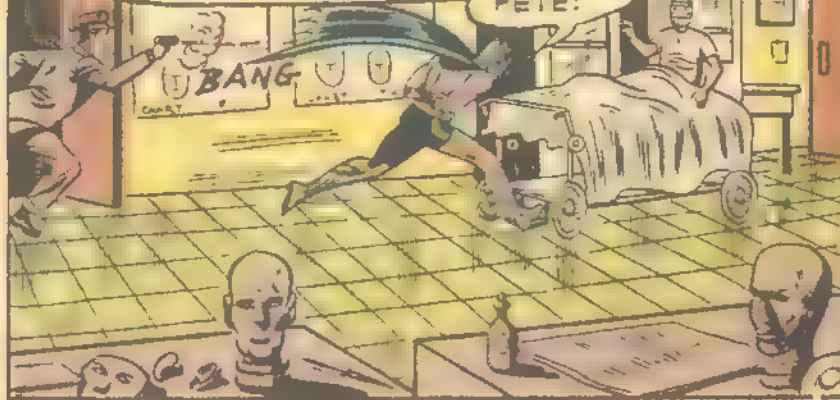


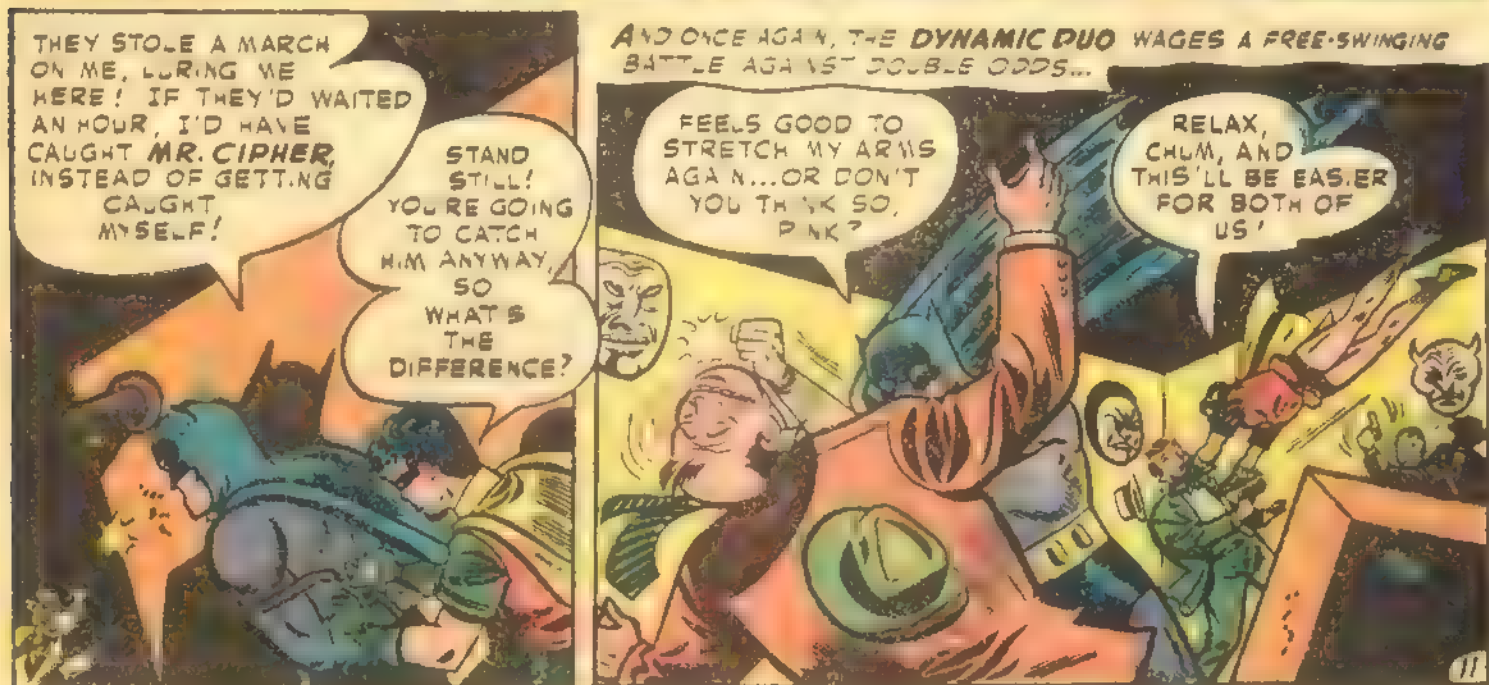
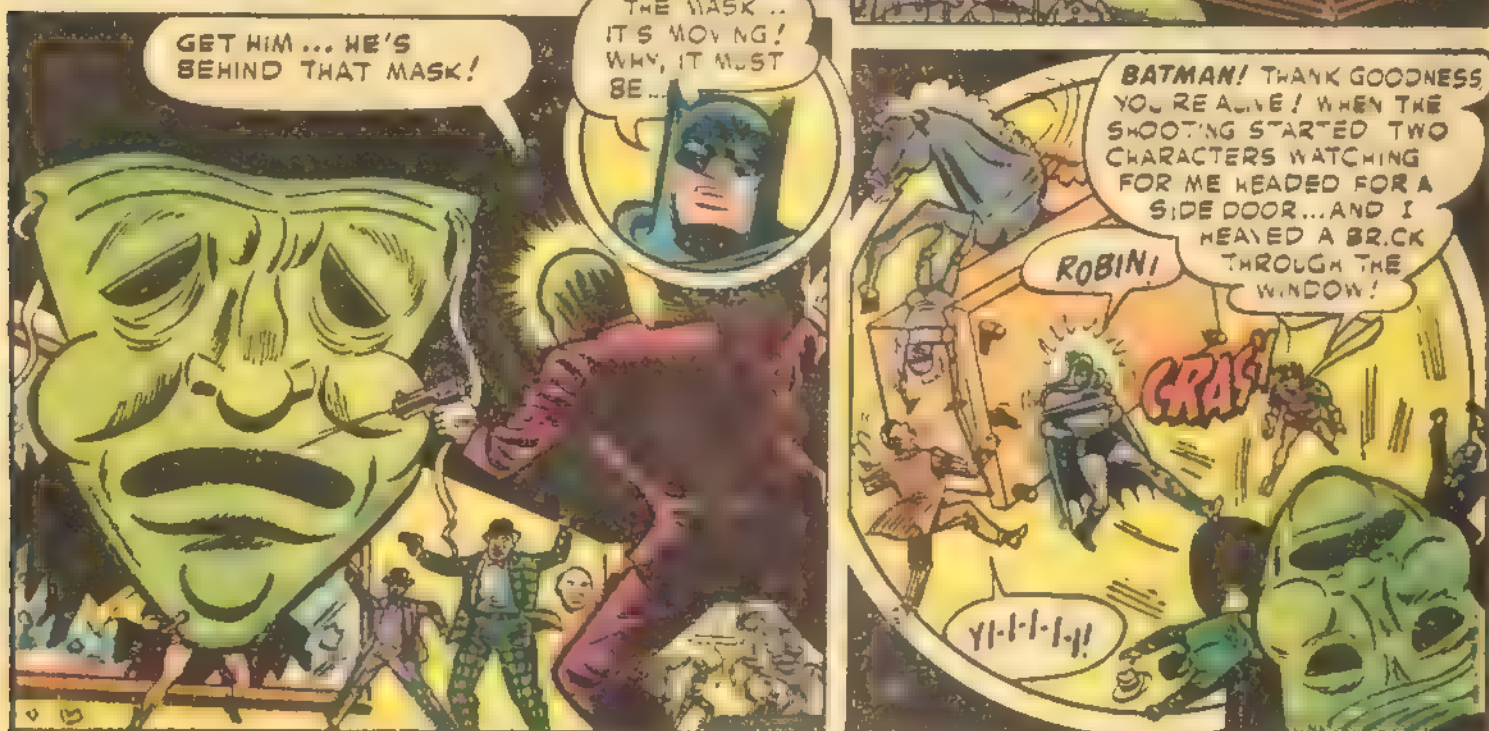
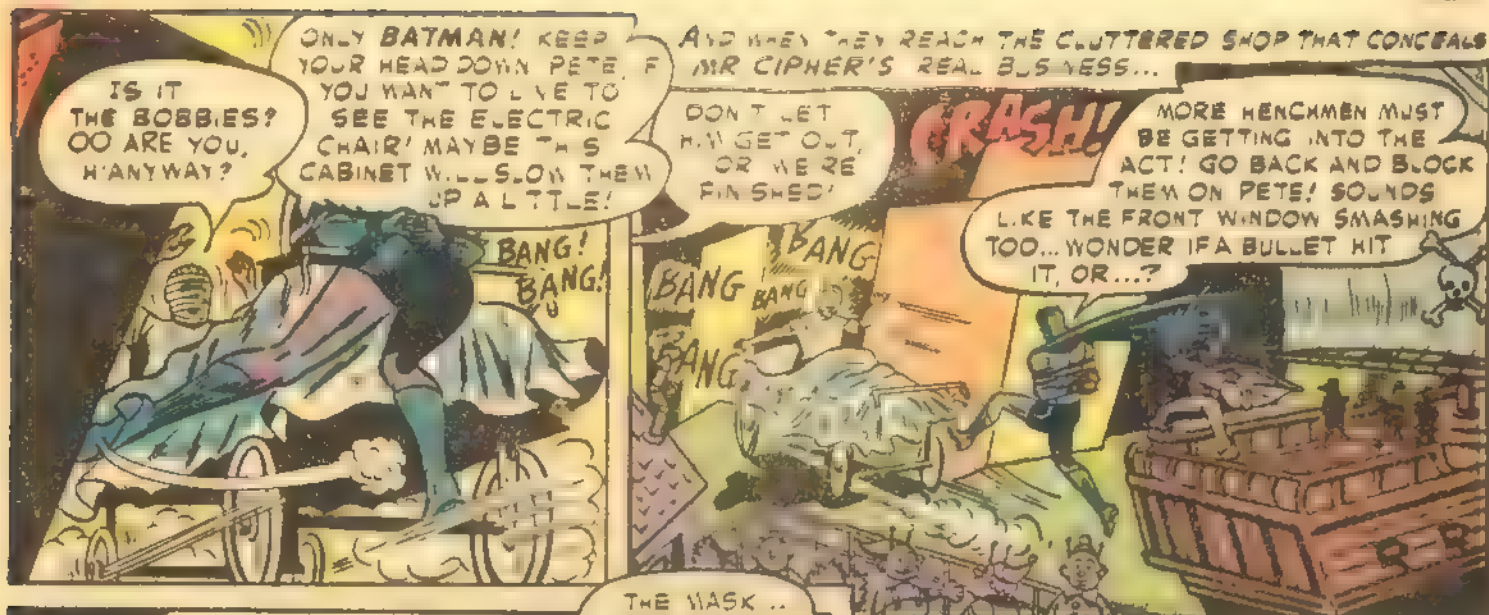
AGHHHHHH!

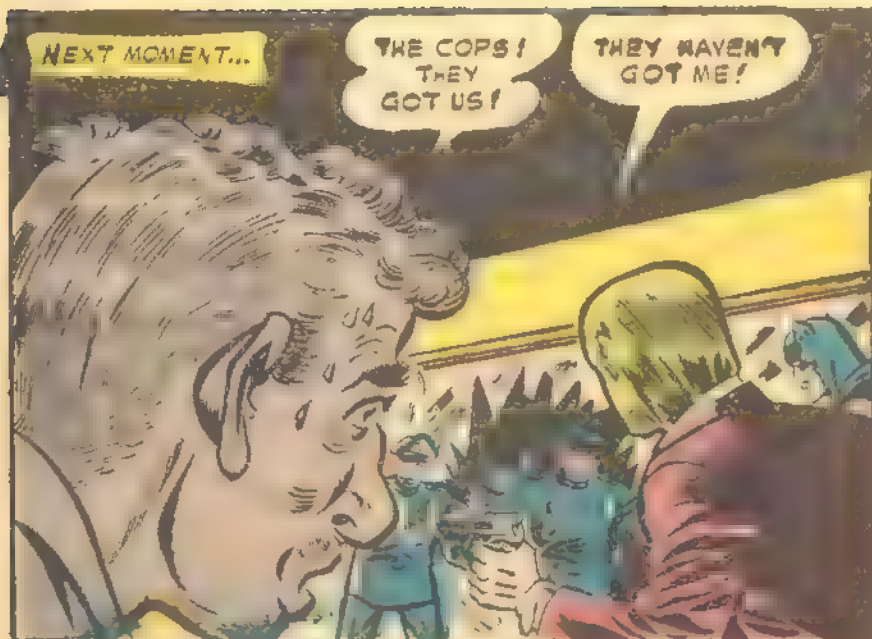
SECONDS LATER, IN AN ADJOINING ROOM...

WOT'S APPENIN? SO HELP ME THIS PLACE IS LIKE A BALLY MAD 'OUSE!

THE HOSPITAL WARD... AND A PATIENT! SOUNDS LIKE PICADILLY PETE, THE STRANGLER, GETTING A NEW FACE... BUT KEEPING THE SAME OLD ACCENT! LET'S TAKE A RIDE, PETE!







NEXT MOMENT...

THE COPS!  
THEY  
GOT US!

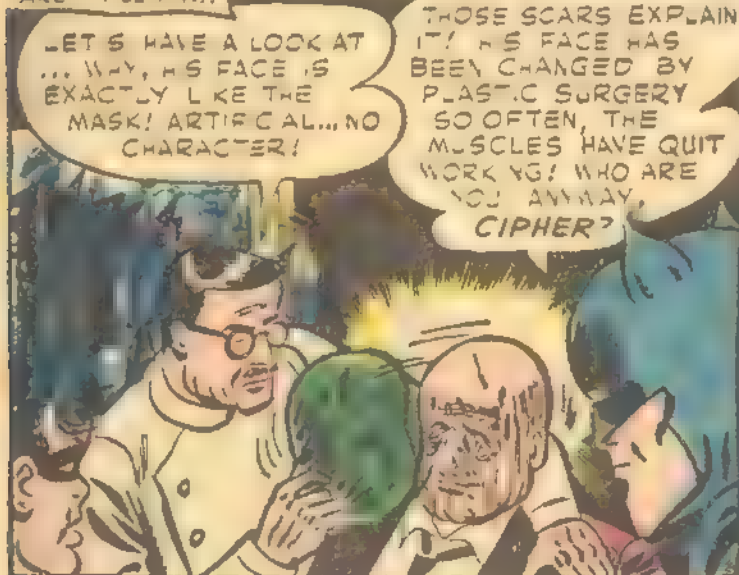
THEY HAVEN'T  
GOT ME!



YOU'LL NEVER...  
UH-H-H-H!

I WARNED  
YOU!

THEN, AS A POLICE SURGEON UNMASKS THE MYSTERIOUS  
ARCH-VILLAIN...



LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT  
... WHY, HIS FACE IS  
EXACTLY LIKE THE  
MASK! ARTIFICIAL... NO  
CHARACTER!

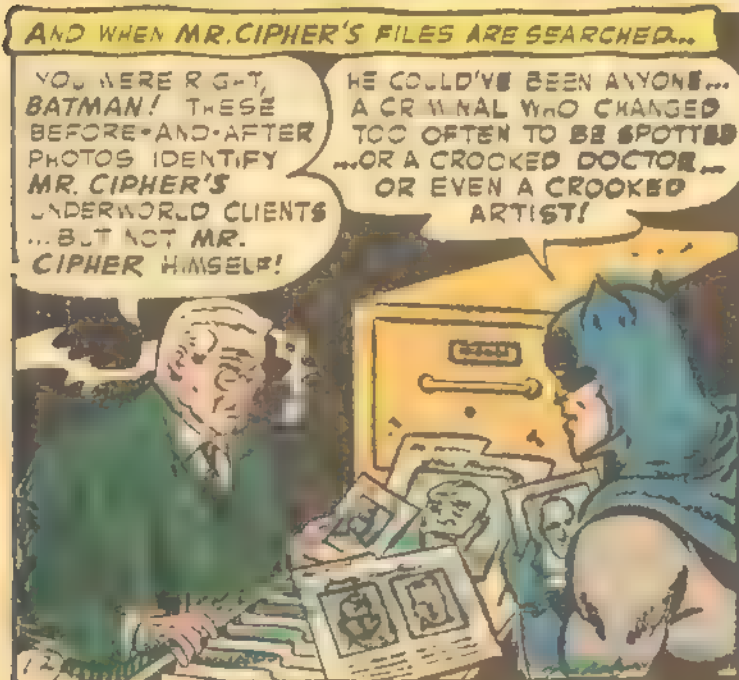
THOSE SCARS EXPLAIN  
IT! HIS FACE HAS  
BEEN CHANGED BY  
PLASTIC SURGERY  
SO OFTEN, THE  
MUSCLES HAVE QUIT  
WORKING! WHO ARE  
YOU ANYWAY,  
CIPHER?



TOO LATE,  
BATMAN...  
YOU'LL...  
NEVER...  
KNOW...

AND SOMETHING TELLS ME  
WE NEVER WILL KNOW! HE  
HAD NO FINGERPRINTS OR  
OTHER IDENTIFYING MARKS...  
AND WHATEVER RECORDS  
HE KEPT, YOU  
CAN BET HE  
WASN'T LISTED  
IN THEM!

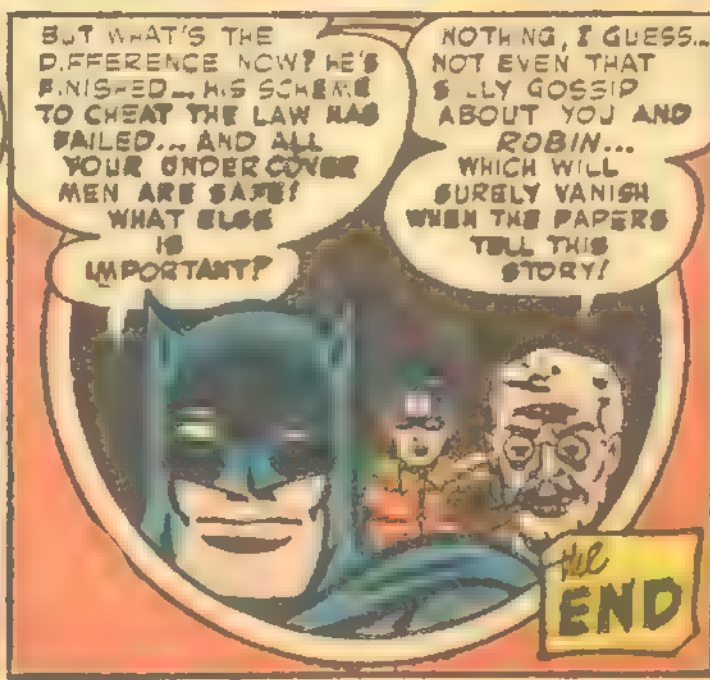
HE'S  
DEAD!



AND WHEN MR. CIPHER'S FILES ARE SEARCHED...

YOU WERE RIGHT,  
BATMAN! THESE  
BEFORE-AND-AFTER  
PHOTOS IDENTIFY  
MR. CIPHER'S  
UNDERWORLD CLIENTS  
... BUT NOT MR.  
CIPHER HIMSELF!

HE COULD'VE BEEN ANYONE...  
A CRIMINAL WHO CHANGED  
TOO OFTEN TO BE SPOTTED  
... OR A CROOKED DOCTOR...  
OR EVEN A CROOKED  
ARTIST!



BUT WHAT'S THE  
DIFFERENCE NOW? HE'S  
FINISHED... HIS SCHEME  
TO CHEAT THE LAW HAS  
FAILED... AND ALL  
YOUR UNDERCOVER  
MEN ARE SAFE!  
WHAT ELSE  
IS  
IMPORTANT?

NOTHING, I GUESS...  
NOT EVEN THAT  
SILLY GOSSIP  
ABOUT YOU AND  
ROBIN...  
WHICH WILL  
SURELY VANISH  
WHEN THE PAPERS  
TELL THIS  
STORY!

the  
END

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ACTUAL SIZE



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# QUICK QUIZ

IS IT POSSIBLE TO **DESTROY** MATTER?



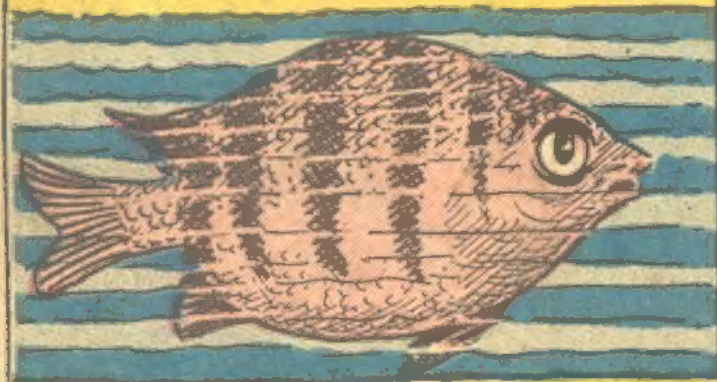
**S**CIENTISTS AGREE THAT MATTER MAY BE CHANGED, RE-ARRANGED, ADAPTED IN MANY WAYS.... BUT, IT CAN NEITHER BE DESTROYED NOR CREATED!

WHICH IS THE HUNGRIEST OF ALL ANIMALS?



THE SHORT-TAIL SHREW! IT EATS EVERY FEW MINUTES, IN FEAR OF PERISHING OF STARVATION!

DO FISH **SLEEP**?



NO! FISH DO NOT SLEEP! SOMETIMES THEY REMAIN QUIET IN STREAMS... BUT ALWAYS AWAKE!

WAS "CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS" THE FAMOUS EXPLORER'S TRUE NAME?



NO! HIS REAL NAME WAS "CRISTOBAL COLON" AND HE SIGNED IT NO OTHER WAY!

H.T. EDG

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COVERS  
...of...



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**CONTEST**  
**KIT**  
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Defenders, 50 Daisy Pump Guns, 50 Daisy Red Ryder Carbines, Trophy Cups, Medals *provided that they are paid-up Junior Members of NRA for 1952 OR if they send in APPLICATION FORM and 50-cent membership Fee WITH their Contest Targets before midnight May 29, 1952!* NON-NRA DIVISION: If you don't join NRA, you can shoot to win one of the 3 Daisy Defenders or one of the 50 Daisy Air Rifles (No. 155). Get ALL CONTEST FACTS NOW! Ask your Daisy Dealer—or mail coupon for FREE CONTEST KIT—and start shootin' to WIN!

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